THE BYSTANDER
Vol. LXXIX — No. 1030

AUGUST 29, 1923

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PICTURES AND PLEASANTRY IN HOLIDAY MOOD

Spinet

The SUPER CIGARETTE

Finest Golden Virginia, Ovals, Cork-Tipped

20 for 1/6

Also 50's & 100's.

The Pipe Tobacco de Luxe

Spinet The SUPER Mixture

2/2 per 2oz. in enamelled pocket tins.

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LOOK for the Leopard Mark when buying shirts.

This tab guarantees the quality and colour fastness of

HORROCKSES' FAST COLOUR SHIRTINGS

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The Hotel of Character and Distinction. Charming Suites, etc.

Exclusiveness and Refinement. Highest Standard of English Comfort.

A. LOTTI, *Managing Prop.*

7 & 9 RUE DE CASTIGLIONE,

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FINEST EXTRA QUALITY — EXTRA DRY

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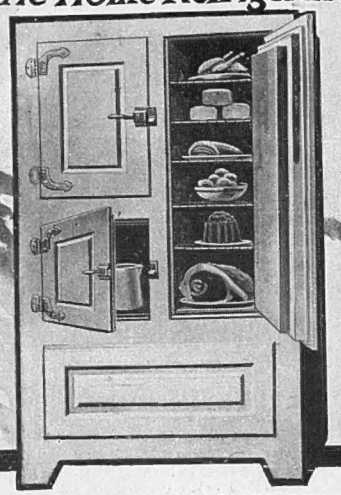
WINTER'S COLD IN SUMMER'S HEAT

Freezone

The Home Refrigerator



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The "Varsity" is a beautiful piece of furniture, light and portable, yet rigidly strong—never creaks nor sags. Can be upholstered in any desired style.

The wicker can be had enamelled in Black or any desired colour, and the upholstery designs include a distinctive new range of striped patterns and art shades, in addition to a wide variety of cretonnes.

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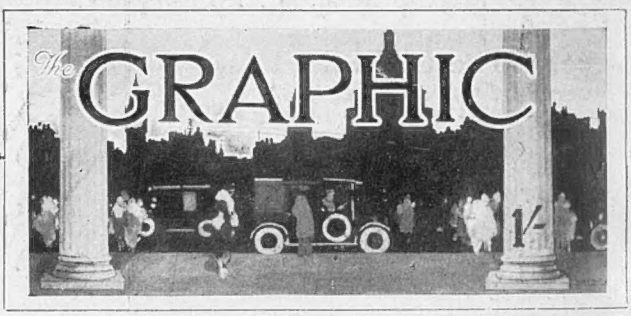

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will contain, among other special features:

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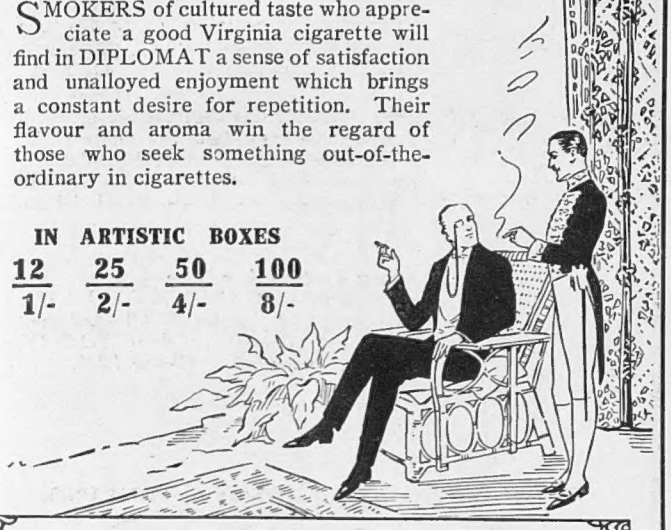
SMOKERS of cultured taste who appreciate a good Virginia cigarette will find in DIPLOMAT a sense of satisfaction and unalloyed enjoyment which brings a constant desire for repetition. Their flavour and aroma win the regard of those who seek something out-of-the-ordinary in cigarettes.



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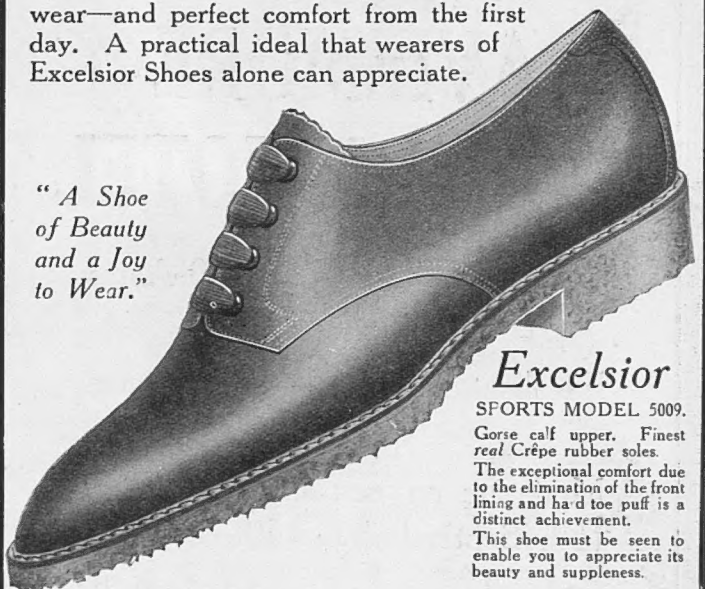
Excelsior Shoes *for Ladies*

Ideals are not always impracticable. The makers of Excelsior Shoes are putting more work into those parts that are hidden than manufacturers of cheaper shoes could possibly afford. This thoroughness alone ensures lasting shapeliness—long wear—and perfect comfort from the first day. A practical ideal that wearers of Excelsior Shoes alone can appreciate.

"A Shoe of Beauty and a Joy to Wear."



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SPORTS MODEL 5009.

Gorse calf upper. Finest *real* Crêpe rubber soles.

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This shoe must be seen to enable you to appreciate its beauty and suppleness.

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"Yes, I did overdo it. Fact is, I had it in mind to leave a bit more either side, George."

"Why didn't you leave it, then?"

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When you step into the "Corslo-Pantalon" fasten it at the back, and attach its two inner sets of suspenders to your stockings, you have thus instantly put on the equivalent of chemise, knickers, corset and camisole, and have secured the naturally supple and straight slender figure effect which is absolutely demanded by the new fashion. Moreover the "Corslo-Pantalon" means special daintiness as well as comfort and grace for its wearers. For as only two short central whalebones are introduced and these can instantly be removed, and just as readily replaced, without any unstitching or resewing, the whole garment can be washed as easily as ordinary underclothes. For the hot weather months at home therefore, and tropical countries at all times, its cool freshness will be a real delight, while even those who do not adopt it for everyday wear, will be well advised to have a "Corslo-Pantalon" in readiness to ensure the right silhouette for some special day gown or dance frock. Measurements required when ordering: waist, bust, and hips.

In good quality cotton tricot	52/6
In silk Crepe-de-Chine ..	4½Gns.
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In heavy quality silk tricot	6 Gns.

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Grounds - - - 10 Acres.

Excellent Nine-Hole Golf Course.

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BETTER WORK at lower cost and PROMPT PERSONAL SERVICE for each individual customer—this is the Campbell Garrick principle. Having satisfied thousands Campbell Garrick have still one ambition—to please and satisfy YOU. Test them—entrust your cleaning and dyeing to the firm that intends to please you and remember—IT COSTS YOU LESS.

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CAMPBELL GARRICK & CO. LTD., Hewer Street, London, W.10—and post that suit, costume or dress TO-DAY.
Cleaning 6/6 — Dyeing 10/6.

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HEWER ST Service LONDON W.10

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IN order to keep our workers fully employed during the months of August and September, we have arranged to make in our own workrooms, a number of inexpensive Chiffon Velvet Teafrocks which we are offering for sale at exceptionally low prices.

"MONICA"

CHARMING TEAFROCK in rich Lyons chiffon velvet with the new crossover front, long Chinese lantern sleeves in silk georgette to tone, adaptable to most figures and fastened at side drapery. In a large range of colours and Black.

PRICE
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NOTE.—This hat will be found in our model millinery salon on the First Floor.

Hat in Duvelour *with embroidered crown in oxidized or dull gold. In many good colours. Price* $4\frac{1}{2}$ *Guineas.*

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Robert Berkeley, when romance halted beside him, chose—from a shady family—Christian Loring. Result—trials, tribulations, separation. Yet, in the end, love, understanding all, forgives all. Through the fires of passion and the waters of forgiveness romance leads on to joy. A tale of love triumphant. **7/6** net

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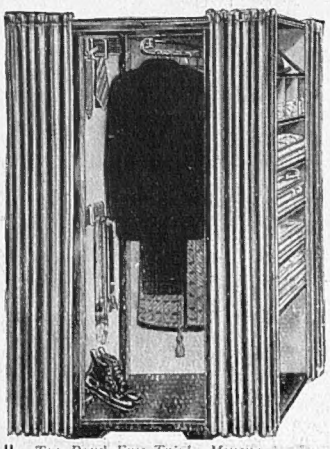

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Don't Delay. Write To-day.

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To Morris Car Owners

"ALL CARS BEFORE leaving the works are *tuned on SHELL*"

"TUNED ON SHELL.—In connection with "the article on the Morris works in this "issue, it is interesting to note that Morris "Motors recommend Shell motor spirit and "Shell lubricating oil as standard for their "cars. All cars before leaving the works are "tuned up on Shell."

The Motor, *July 17th, 1923.*

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SHELL OILS

"Every Drop Tells"

SHELL-MEX, LTD., SHELL CORNER, KINGSWAY

The HOTEL METROPOLE
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This matured fine old Scotch Whisky has been supplied to all the Royal Palaces for more than seventy years.

"Take a peg of John Begg!"

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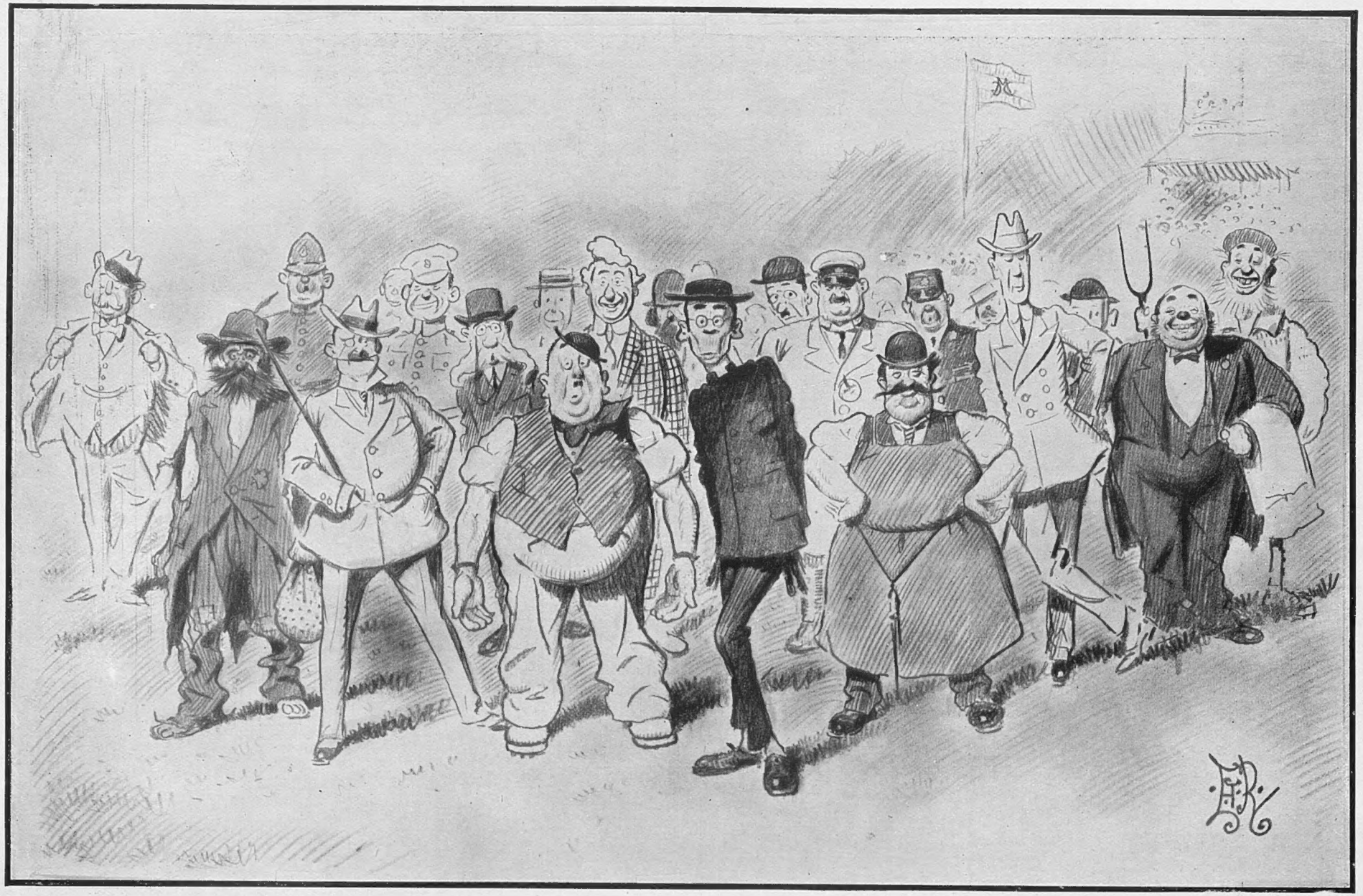
The Bystander, August 29, 1923 No. 1030. Vol. LXXIX.

The BYSTANDER

Photograph by Claude Harris exclusive to THE BYSTANDER

MRS. WILFRID ASHLEY

The wife of Lieut.-Col. Wilfrid Ashley, M.P., the Chairman of the Reconstruction Society. Before her present marriage, Mrs. Ashley was the Hon. Mrs. Forbes-Sempill

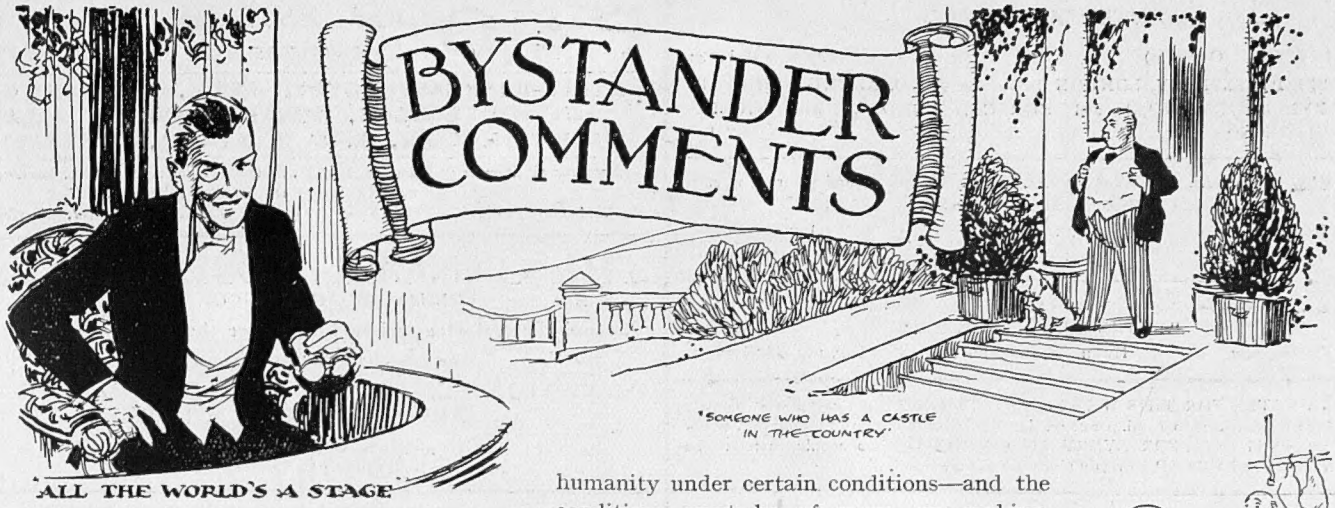


BY E. T. REED

MASS-CRICKET FOR THE MASSES—ENGLAND *v.* "THE REST"

The *real* reason why the crowd at Lord's was a bit restive the other day is quite plain. The "Rest" team was held to be an insufficiently varied representation of the nation at large. If the selectors rise to the occasion, we may soon expect the slips to look something like the above

BYSTANDER COMMENTS



'ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE'

'SOMEONE WHO HAS A CASTLE IN THE COUNTRY'

On Changing Castles

WE are fond of saying that an Englishman's home is his castle. I would prefer to say that an Englishman's home is the dug-out into which he digs himself during eleven months of the year. Eleven months is a long time, and the rut is very deep when the time comes to get out of it. So deep, indeed, that the average Englishman can only get out with a deal of effort, and some don't even make the attempt. They stand on a chair and peer over the edge, and at this stage of the adventure their heart fails them.

General Post

LET me make myself quite clear. During this holiday season, wise Englishmen play at the delightful game of General Post. If you have a Castle by the sea, you find someone who has a castle in the country, and you effect an exchange through the friendly medium of an advertisement in the *Sunday Times* or some other reliable organ that is read by reliable people. This done, you pack up your more personal belongings, and hie yourself away to live for a while in the rut that some other fellow has been digging for himself.

Out of your Rut

'TIS an odd feeling—living in somebody else's rut. Instead of fitting it as a blanc-mange fits its mould or as an eel fits its skin, you find that you are perpetually banging yourself against edges and corners. It is not very comfortable living in the rut that another fellow has digged, but it is uncommonly good for you. It reduces your complacency to vanishing point. You realise that you can only be the perfect specimen of humanity under certain conditions—and the conditions must be of your own making. It's rather like a game of football before the opposing team has taken the field.

Petty Annoyances

YOUR self-esteem, which has been rather allowed to run to seed, suffers seriously from the very outset. You are in a land that knows not Joseph. The question of credit, for instance! The attitude of those slaves and vassals who stand behind counters and wear white aprons! The village policeman who speaks severely about your off-light instead of touching his helmet as you glide past! The alien family pew that is too far back or too near the pulpit! The preacher who is too high or too low! Life is full of aggravation, complication and desolation!

'THE QUESTION OF CREDIT, FOR INSTANCE!'

No Hammock!

YOU will gather by this that I am living in another Englishman's castle, and that I am barking my shins against the twists and turns of his ridiculous rut. I didn't meet him, but I am beginning to discover what sort of a man he is. He is all wrong! He doesn't smoke, for there isn't an ash-tray in the house, and he reads books that I don't understand. Not a copy of Ethel M. Dell in the place! Now, *my* idea of a holiday is to lie in a hammock and read "The Way of an Eagle" for the tenth time. But this wretched fellow hasn't even got a hammock.

'HE DOESN'T SMOKE, FOR THERE ISN'T AN ASH-TRAY IN THE HOUSE'

Wrong-Headed Rubbish

AN awful thing happened to me the first morning. When I opened my morning paper to read about the Ruhr, I found it wasn't my morning paper at all. It was a frightfully dull affair. The headings did not stretch across the page, and there were no pictures.

(*Continued on page 745*)

'I DON'T KNOW WHAT I THINK ABOUT ANYTHING!'

'I FOUND IT WASN'T MY MORNING PAPER AT ALL!'

ENTERTAINMENTS.

COLISEUM. (Ger. 7540). At 2.30 and 7.45.
PEPPI PTASZYNSKY, LONDON SONORA BAND, ARTHUR SINCLAIR and MARIE O'NIEL, NONI and HORACE, HANDERS and MILLISS, ETHEL HOOK, Etc.

DALY'S. (Ger. 201). Evenings at 8.15. Mats., Wednesday and Saturday at 2.15
"THE MERRY WIDOW."
EVELYN LAYE. NANCIE LOVAT. IVY TRESMAND.
GEORGE GRAVES. DEREK OLDHAM. CARL BRISSON

GLOBE. (Ger. 8724-5). Evgs. at 8.30. Mats., Wed. and Sat. at 2.30
"BLUEBEARD'S 8th WIFE."
MADGE TITHERADGE, HUGH WAKEFIELD, NORMAN MCKINNEL.

POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follows: To any part of the United Kingdom 1½d. per copy, Canada, 1½lb., 1½d. To any other part of the world the rate would be ½d. FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to WEIGH and STAMP correctly all copies so forwarded.

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Benger's modifies milk to the degree necessary for infants and young children. Infants therefore thrive on Benger's, even when other foods disagree.

Sold in sealed tins by Chemists everywhere. Prices: 1/4; 2/3; 4/-; 8/6

FASHIONABLE KNITTED THREE-PIECE

SUITS

FOR HOLIDAY WEAR

This fashionable Three-Piece Suit is made in wool and artificial silk from best quality yarn. It is made on smart and becoming lines, and is particularly suitable for holiday wear.

KNITTED THREE-PIECE SUIT (as sketch) in wool and artificial silk, an entirely new design edged with braid in self colours. The jumper is made in a lace stitch to tone with the suit with elbow length sleeves. In all the newest autumn colours.

COAT AND SKIRT
7½ Gns.
JUMPER
3 Gns.
Sent on approval.

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BYSTANDER COMMENTS (concluded)

I could have cried with chagrin. How can a man tell what news is important and what isn't, unless it is by the size of the headings? And the views expressed! Why, my dear fellow, the leading articles were packed with the most appalling nonsense—almost treasonable in fact. I never read such wrong-headed rubbish in my life.

A Narrow Escape

I must say, the fellow who wrote the nonsense was a more or less ingenious beggar. He had a way of putting things that made them appear quite plausible until I remembered that my own paper had said quite the opposite. From the way he talked, you might imagine that Baldwin was not all fool and that Curzon was fairly honest. He even dared to suggest that France should allow us to interfere in her affairs, and he put the case with such diabolical cleverness that if I hadn't thrown the paper out of the window I might have thought there was something in his argument. What an escape!

I am not Me

The trouble is that some of the poison appears to have been left in my system. Horrid doubts keep creeping into my mind. When I told my wife this morning, as usual, that the Government was composed of a set of inadequate nincompoops, I found myself wondering if they could really be as bad as all that. I feel like a company that has gone over the top, only to find that its supports have been withdrawn. When my wife started to ask questions, I gave her the most unconvincing arguments. The whole atmosphere of the place seemed to be against me. Pon' my word, I didn't seem to be me at all!

Hot and Bothered

You remember the old nursery rhyme of the old woman who went to market her eggs for to sell. There came a pedlar, his name was Stout. He cut her petticoats all round about. He cut her petticoats up to her knees, which made the old woman to shiver and sneeze. When the old woman did first awake, she began to shiver and she began to shake. She began to shake and she began to cry: "Lawks a mussey on us, this can't be I!" I needn't go on with the story. If you are as intelligent as most Bystanders, you will have realised by this time that I am badly shaken; hot and bothered; and that the wind is rustling in the branches of my brain. I don't know what I think about anything.

Francs Improve

The improvement in the franc, that followed the conciliatory tone of M. Poincaré, gave me great pleasure. During recent continental rambles, I have been made literally sick by the attitude of certain Englishmen (Oh, yes—*and* Scotsmen) towards the exchange. They haggle over the odd franc, and do everything in their power to aggravate an already delicate situation. As I think of their annoyance when they find they can get only about 81 francs for their pound, I become almost pleased with life.

Films Come True

Don't say that American films are exaggerated, after the latest news from Detroit. Gunmen burst into a dancing hall, robbed over a thousand guests, shot six people, and killed the policeman who pursued them on a motor-bike. American film-mongers may exaggerate the virtues of God's own country, but they can't exaggerate its vices. No, sir!

The Riviera Holocaust

News from abroad, however startling it may be, fails to stir the reader unless he is familiar with the locality. Then it hits home more surely than if the event occurred just round the corner. That is why visitors to the Riviera have been so thrilled by the forest fires that have been raging in the Esterel district and round about Cannes. Myself, I was particularly impressed by the news that the golf links at Valescure were entirely surrounded by flames, for I have spent many happy hours in that delightful sporting centre above St. Raphael.

"COOL"IDGE By Charles Grave
In Splendid "Ice"-olation!

Derby Records

I have met several men whose proudest boast was the number of times they had seen the Derby. There is the famous old newsagent on Kingstown pier, and an ancient railway employé who has never missed, while a Brighton bookmaker, who has just died, saw it fifty-four times. This must approach record, even if it isn't the highest possible. As you know, I'm away from my reference books at the moment.

A Novel Sweep

A really interesting sweepstake is being conducted by the Crewe Conservative Club. All you have to do is to give the number of visitors who will attend the English Cup Final next year. After the extraordinary scenes at Wembley, when I nearly lost my precious life, it will be interesting to see how many enthusiasts make the journey. Will they be frightened away, or will there be greater crowds than ever?

Those Phantom Russians

Did you know that Londoners are paying nightly visits to the Marble Arch to see the human bits and pieces that have been discovered in the excavations where Tyburn Tree was reputed to have stood? They go there at night, and the night watchman pulls the skulls and things out of a sack. My most thrilling visit to the Marble Arch at night, was to see the Russians pass through on their way from King's Cross to Paddington!

At Kilkenny Castle

Photograph *Poole, Waterford*

THE COUNTESS OF OSSORY

Photographed in the garden of Kilkenny Castle, which was one of the storm-centres of the Irish disturbances. Her husband, who was in the 1st Life Guards, is the heir of the Marquess of Ormonde

WHO, WHEN & WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

Royal Holiday-making

It is not improbable that the King will pay a visit to The Mackintosh and Mrs. Mackintosh at Moy Hall, near Inverness, before the Queen's arrival at Balmoral. It is an annual visit, the King going over from Deeside by motor. Later on, the King will go with the Queen to Glamis Castle, which, I believe, he has never seen.

The Princess Royal and Princess Maud spent several days at Kinnaird Castle, one of the finest places in Scotland, on a visit to Lord and Lady Southesk, the parents of Princess Maud's *fiancé*, Lord Carnegie, who is now staying with them at Mar Lodge. Princess Alice and the Earl of Athlone are at Abergeldie, near Balmoral, and Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll, is at Rosemeath Castle, the great villa on the Clyde, which was left to her by the late Duke of Argyll. Princess Beatrice never goes to Scotland now, always spending her holiday in her beloved Isle of Wight. Princess Helena Victoria leaves for Italy at the end of the month; her sister, Princess Marie Louise, is well on her way to South Africa to pay a visit to Prince and Princess Arthur of Connaught, and for a tour which will keep her away from London until October is well advanced.

The Duke and Duchess of York are at Glamis, Prince George will be at Balmoral, but Prince Henry's unfortunate accident will keep him confined to the house, and even with the quickest of recoveries he has not much chance of grouse-shooting this year.

Photograph *P. and A.*

FREE FROM CARES

Mr. Bonar Law, with his son-in-law and daughter, Sir Frederick and Lady Sykes, at Le Touquet, where they have been staying

Another Canadian Countess

Canada will give us another Countess. Lady Minto's sister, Miss Sarah Cook, the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Cook of Montreal, is engaged to the Earl of Haddington, the twelfth of his line.

Lord Haddington is one of the most eligible *partis*, as his mother, Lady Binning, was an heiress of the immensely rich Salting family. He is twenty-eight, and succeeded to the title six years ago. A year after his succession he was wounded in the War, in which he served with the cavalry.

Photograph *Central News*

JUST WHAT THE DOCTOR ORDERED!

Sir Archibald Buchan-Hepburn and Miss Russell Cox discussing the cup which neither cheers nor inebriates, outside the Pump Room at Harrogate, which many well-known folk have visited during this month of recuperation

Photograph *P. and A.*

TAKING THE MORNING SUN

Sir Norcot Warren (left), Secretary to the Bank of Bengal, Mr. Robert Heitmeyer of New York, and Miss Warren at Le Touquet

Lord Kinnoull's Engagement

Some people are very unfortunate. You and I could put our names down at a register office to be married, and no one would take any notice. But the Earl of Kinnoull's name having been entered as an intending bridegroom, he found the intelligence printed in half a dozen newspapers. He was not then of age, and without the consent of those in authority over him the marriage could not take place. So, acting on what was apparently family advice, the youthful nobleman took a trip to South Africa, considerable excitement being given to his departure by the announcement — likewise in the

Photograph *Sport and General*

AT A POPULAR NORTH COUNTRY MEETING

Lady Stanley, Lord Derby's daughter-in-law, and the Hon. Sibell Fitzroy, the second daughter of Lord Southampton, at the Stockton races last week

newspapers—that the lady he was to have wed would follow him. Now, Lord Kinnoull has returned from South Africa and is engaged to another lady. Publicity again dogs his matrimonial intentions, and he and his *fiancée* have been telling a newspaper reporter the causes of their mutual attraction. As I have said, some people are very unfortunate. It must have been trying for both Lord Kinnoull and his *fiancée* to explain to an entire stranger the reasons why they fell in love with one another—and more trying still to see these reasons set out in cold print to be read by thousands of people who are not in the least interested in the Earl of Kinnoull.

A Turn of the Wheel

THE Queen of Roumania is one of the cleverest women in Europe. Since the late King Constantine returned to the throne of Greece, the Greek Government has not been officially recognised either by England or France. It is now announced that King George of Greece will shortly be recognised and accepted as the Greek King by France, and no secret is made that this recognition will be due to the representations made by Queen Marie at the interview she had recently with M. Poincaré, on her way through Paris to visit her sister, the Grand Duchess Cyril, at St. Brise, near Dinard. Queen Marie's daughter is the Queen of Greece.

Ex-Queen Sophie of Greece's share in putting Greece outside the comity of European nations is a matter for the history books. It is a curious turning of the tables that her cousin, Queen Marie of Roumania, for whom she never had much regard or liking, and of whom she used to speak in old days as "une femme frivole qui n'aime que les modes," should now be preparing the way for the recognition of Greece. We are certainly making strange history in these days.

Photograph *Alfieri*

WAY DOWN IN WILTSHIRE

Lady Joan Miles, daughter of the second Earl of Wharncliffe, and her husband, Mr. Gordon Miles, at the Great Somerford Horse Show

Divorce as a Profession

As a rule your cynic is a bore, whether he is of the gloomy or amusing kind, because he always strikes on the same note. The difference is that the gloomy kind bores you more quickly than the other. However, sometimes you get illuminating flashes on life as we live it to-day from the diatribes of the truly cynical.

One of the genus was recently holding forth on the question of divorce. There were women, he declared, of irreproachable character and unassailable virtue who made it a profession. Marriage to them was the road to alimony. They provoked divorce in order to secure an income without responsibilities.

Photograph *Central News*

IN THE LOWLANDS

Captain Benson (right), Lady Alexandra Curzon, Mrs. Loder and Miss Benson on the links at Muirfield, East Lothian, where Lord Curzon's family is spending the holidays

The cynic went further, giving chapter, verse and instances. One woman he mentioned—we all knew her—had divorced two husbands. The cynic declared her to be a woman of bad temper, invariably unpunctual, and perpetually making "scenes." She wore out her first husband's patience, and he, following the modern opinion that a quiet life is preferable to the "worse" of the marriage service, gave her the opportunity afforded by the law to divorce him. He was comparatively well-off, and her alimony enabled the lady to live pleasantly in London, with a month or so on the Riviera every winter.

After two or three years she married again, this time a wealthy man. The history of the first marriage repeated itself—"scenes," tiresome unpunctuality, fusses of every kind. Husband No. 2 sought freedom in the same way as Husband No. 1. The lady obtained her verdict and an alimony which enabled her to run a charming little house in the country, a flat in London, and keep a motor.

The cynic vowed that in these two periods of single-blessedness she has been the most punctual and amiable of women; that she made scenes and fusses on purpose to drive both husbands away, preferring their alimony to either of them. He declared, too, that if ever she marries again the man will be richer than his predecessors, and quoted her as saying to a friend who was doubtful about accepting a proposal!

"If he is well off, my dear, marry him: You can always divorce him."

Deauville Days

A SPRIGHTLY lady, who has recently been to Deauville, writes to me as follows: "There are two or three things about Deauville this year to which I have seen no reference in any of the newspapers. One is the extravagance of the make-up affected by the majority of the women. At twelve o'clock in the morning at the Potinière you saw dozens of them, made up exactly as if they were going to face the footlights. I don't know what the blue-black stuff is that so many put on their upper eyelids and underneath their eyes, somebody said it was antimony. Nine out of every ten women had bright geranium-coloured lips. The older ones looked like painted corpses.

"Another thing to which no reference was made was the display of jewellery in the daytime, and more especially at the races. I counted seven of those fashionable all-round jewelled bracelets on one woman's arm at one of the meetings—two of diamonds, and five of other stones. In addition, she had enormous diamond earrings, a pearl and diamond necklace, something not at all unlike a *corsage* ornament in the front of her dress, and a gold mesh bag studded with diamonds and rubies. Her hands gave one the impression that she had first of all stuck them into something sticky and then plunged them successively into trays filled with precious stones. They were literally encrusted with rings. And she wasn't a profiteer; she was a *dame du monde*. By the bye, has any scribe mentioned that it is not the mode to wear gloves at Deauville? I think not. The women vied with one another as to the amount of jewellery they could clap on."

Photograph *Elliott and Fry*

"WAY, WAY FOR THE HODDEN GRAY"

The contingent of fifty officers and men of the London Scottish who are visiting Canada at the invitation of the Ontario Scottish, to whom they are allied. The above photograph was taken just before they left their headquarters in Buckingham Gate

Photograph *Farringdon Photo Co.*

AT ST. MARGARET'S BAY

The Earl of Kinnoull and Miss Enid Hamilton-Fellowes, whose engagement was unobtrusively announced last week. St. Margaret's-atte-Cliffe, as it was once called, is a delightful little seaside resort near Dover

Photograph *Sport and General*

ON THE PERTHSHIRE MOORS

Mr. and Mrs. Drysdale Kilburn and Sir W. H. Peat resting on Crosgraig Moors

Photograph *Central News*

THE KING IN THE HIGHLANDS

His Majesty inspecting the Guard of Honour of the Royal Scots Fusiliers—"the Earl of Mar's grey-breeks" as they are still nick-named after their first colonel—at Ballater on his way to Balmoral. With the King is Captain Margetson, who was in charge of the Guard of Honour

"My last complaint is the pestering of the photographers. They are of all nationalities, and like the Midians in the hymn they 'prowl and prowl around,' wherever you are, whatever you are doing. They snap you whilst you are eating shrimps at Ciro's, or drinking your *citronade* at the Potinière, and then have the effrontery to offer you the result for sale—and sometimes your neighbours at the next table, who are included in the 'snap,' and who doubtless are eminently respectable look as of they weren't."

Distinctions and Differences

An American was complaining to me the other day, with some bitterness, of the ignorance that exists in England as to the social distinctions in America.

"You seem to think over here," she said, "that all our rich people are exactly on the same social footing. In America we are still amazed at the way you receive some of our country-people with open arms, although you've been doing it for a generation. I've met Americans in London society that I should never meet in any sort of society in America if they and I lived to be a hundred. You English never understand that socially England is much more democratic than America. Money hasn't the same levelling influence with us that it has with you."

The lady instanced a particular American dame as an object-lesson. "I meet her everywhere in London," she said, "but I know, and she knows, we shall never meet in New York."

I ventured to remark that the dame in question, seemed particularly harmless, if a little vivid in manner, and asked what she had done to be so despised.

"You don't despise a costermonger, do you?" the American lady replied. I said I did not.

Photograph *Personality Photo Press*

MAJOR AND MRS. TELFER-SMOLLETT

Snapped at the Highland gathering at Crieff that has drawn so many well-known society folk to Perthshire

"But you don't ask him to dinner, do you?" Again the reply was negative.

"Well, to Americans like myself this woman represents your costermonger. Now do you understand what I mean by our social differences?"

Photograph] **"OUR REGIMENT"** [*Central News*

The Prince of Wales meeting the officers of the Seaforth Highlanders, of which regiment he is Colonel-in-Chief, at Fort George, Inverness-shire, "the very cradle of the Seaforths," after he had unveiled the Regimental War Memorial

A Delicate Point

I GATHERED the lady's meaning, and as the question is very interesting I pass on the conversation to you. There was one point, that of accent, which I couldn't very well mention to her, but it is an important point in our social relations with foreigners. Unless one knows America very well it is difficult to distinguish between what are called refined and unrefined accents. Americans have the same difficulty with us. Englishmen, too, have married odd French and Italian women, simply because they couldn't distinguish between a good and bad accent.

But it is odd to learn that we are more democratic than Republican America.

The Curse on Battle Abbey

THE death of Sir Augustus Webster has revived the story of the curse on Battle Abbey, his fine place near Hastings, which he sold last year. A curse of drowning is said to have been uttered against all the owners of Battle Abbey. It is certainly very curious that the eighth Lord Montagu and his sister, whose family owned the house before the Websters, were both drowned, and that the daughter of Mr. M. P. Grace, the American millionaire, who rented it for some time, was drowned in Italy. Further, Sir Augustus's wife was drowned in a lake in the grounds whilst saving her daughter's life.

At one time Battle Abbey was occupied by the Duke and Duchess of Cleveland—the latter, Lord Rosebery's mother—but no tragedy occurred during their tenancy.

Photograph *Hay Wrightson*

THE CHATELAINE OF CARBERRY TOWER

Lady Elphinstone, who is entertaining the Queen at Carberry Tower, Musselburgh this week, prior to Her Majesty's journey to Balmoral to join the King

Other Curses

THERE are many houses, chiefly old Church property, that passed into secular hands at the Reformation, which possess curses. The one on Cowdray is well known—that the house and its owner should perish by fire and water. Cowdray, one of the stateliest houses in the South of England, was burnt to the ground. Its owner was abroad, and the courier despatched to inform him of his loss met a courier at Calais on his way to England with the news that the young man had been drowned in the Falls of Schaffhausen.

Photograph] **AT THE LOCHABER GATHERING** *[Central News*

A group of spectators watching the games at Fort William during the famous Inverness-shire gathering. Our photograph shows, seated in the front: Admiral Sir Charles Ottley (left), Miss Gooch of Tor Castle and Mr. Grant

"Levens," the beautiful Bagot place in Cumberland, with its famous topiary work in the gardens, had a curse which seemed to work right into our own time. A far-away Bagot once refused a poor woman and her baby shelter on a bitterly cold winter's night. As she was driven away from the door, she prophesied that, as a punishment for this inhumanity, no eldest son should ever succeed to "Levens" until a white hart was born in the herd of deer in the park, and until there were no fish in the river.

The prophecy was fulfilled until the birth of the last owner but one. He was born during a winter so severe that the river was frozen to its bed, and all the fish were killed. At the same time a white hart made its appearance amongst the deer. The child grew up and succeeded his father, but he did not possess "Levens" long, dying in early manhood. He was succeeded by his uncle, the late Richard Bagot, the novelist.

Photographs *Personality Photo Press*

SPECTATORS AT THE CRIEFF GAMES

The Hon. John Dewar, Lord Provost of Perth, and his wife, at the Highland Games He is the eldest son of Lord Forteviot, who was himself Lord Provost from 1893 to 1899

Colonel G. S. G. Craufurd, C.B., of Kilbirnie, the Chieftain of the Highland Gathering

Photograph *Photopress*

POLO AMONG THE PALMS OF SPAIN

Members of the Spanish Royal Family watching a polo match in progress at Santander, the fashionable resort on the north coast of Spain. The Prince of the Asturias is seen seated on the left of the picture, next but one to him is the Queen of Spain, whilst the three front-row spectators are (left) The Infante Don Gonzalo, The Infante Don Juan and The Infante Don Jaime

Out of the Past

THE famous Duke of Bridgewater, who built the canals and was one of the first landowners to develop his collieries in Lancashire, left a very unpleasant legacy to the Rochdale Canal Company. When the company got its Act of Parliament, many generations ago, to make the canal the Duke succeeded in having a clause inserted in it by which £100,000 would have to be paid to him under certain conditions. The company has recently sold its reservoirs to the Oldham and Rochdale Corporations for £400,000. The Manchester Ship Canal now, apparently, holds the rights held by the Duke at least a hundred years ago, and so the £100,000 goes to them.

The Duke of Bridgewater died unmarried, and left his vast fortune to Lord Francis Leveson-Gower, the second son of the first Duke of Sutherland, with the proviso that if any descendant of Lord Francis ever became Duke of Sutherland the property would pass elsewhere.

Lord Francis was made Earl of Ellesmere. It was he who built Bridgewater House, in St. James's, according to the gossip of the time, in rivalry of his brother's neighbouring palace, Stafford House.

As matters now stand the present Earl of Ellesmere stands second in succession to the Dukedom of Sutherland, so one day in the far-away future there may be a great legal fight over the Duke of Bridgewater's will of over a hundred years ago.

The Golden Silence

I HEAR that about fifty M.P.'s did not contribute to the weight of Hansard last session, and though bold enough at election their voices would seem to have been stifled in the more critical atmosphere of Westminster. Even Mrs. Philipson remained silent, and Winston Churchill's successful opponent, Mr. Scrymgeour, though I believe he brought one or two carefully prepared speeches to the House, never gave them to the ear of the "four hundred." A tale is told of Sir Ernest Gardner, late M.P. for Maidenhead and Windsor, and in private life a gentleman farmer who gave the impression of knowing much more of the vagaries of potatoes than of the vapour of politics, that the only time he opened his mouth was to ask the attendant to close the window!

How It's Done

AMERICANS are extremely jealous of the many little forms and customs we observe in our social life, and always, if they can, introduce them into their own homes when they return. An American lady, about to sign her name in the register of a certain Highland hotel, was rather perplexed to read the last entry, "Carberry and Mrs. Robert." She did not know that all Scottish lairds sign by the name of their estate, but, presuming it to be a custom peculiar to Scotland, she signed underneath, "5,989, South Street, Minneapolis, Pa., and Mrs. Hyam."

Photograph *L. N. A.*

Photograph *Topical*

TWO WEDDINGS AT ST. PETER'S, EATON SQUARE

Lieut.-Com. Neville Taylor, D.S.C., R.N., leaving St. Peter's with his bride, Miss Gwendolyn Innes, after their wedding

Mr. William Stork, of Holland, and his bride, Miss Louise Tyner, of Washington D.C., snapped leaving the church

More Revelations

AN autobiography of that distinguished soldier, the late General Sir John Cowans, is being prepared, I am told, by a great friend of his who served under the Quartermaster-General during the War, Major D. M. Chapman-Huston, and by a writer, Owen Rutter, the author of *Tiadatha*. It should be an amusing work, and when published may include some rather interesting revelations.

To Our Readers Abroad

THE Editor will always be pleased to receive from readers abroad photographs showing copies of THE BYSTANDER in out-of-the-way places. From time to time selections of such photographs will be published, and each will be paid for at the usual photographic rates.

Photograph *Maull and Fox*

LADY DOROTHY WOOD

The youngest sister of the Earl of Onslow and wife of the Hon. Edward Frederick Wood, who is the heir of the second Viscount Fairfax. She is the mother of three attractive boys, Charles, Francis and Richard

MEDICAL GOLF

By W. HODGSON BURNET

"Golf, in my view, is not a game, but a treatment."—DR. SALEEBY in "The Observer."

SINCE golf's not a game
But a treatment for me,
For the sake of my health
I avoid a "high tee."

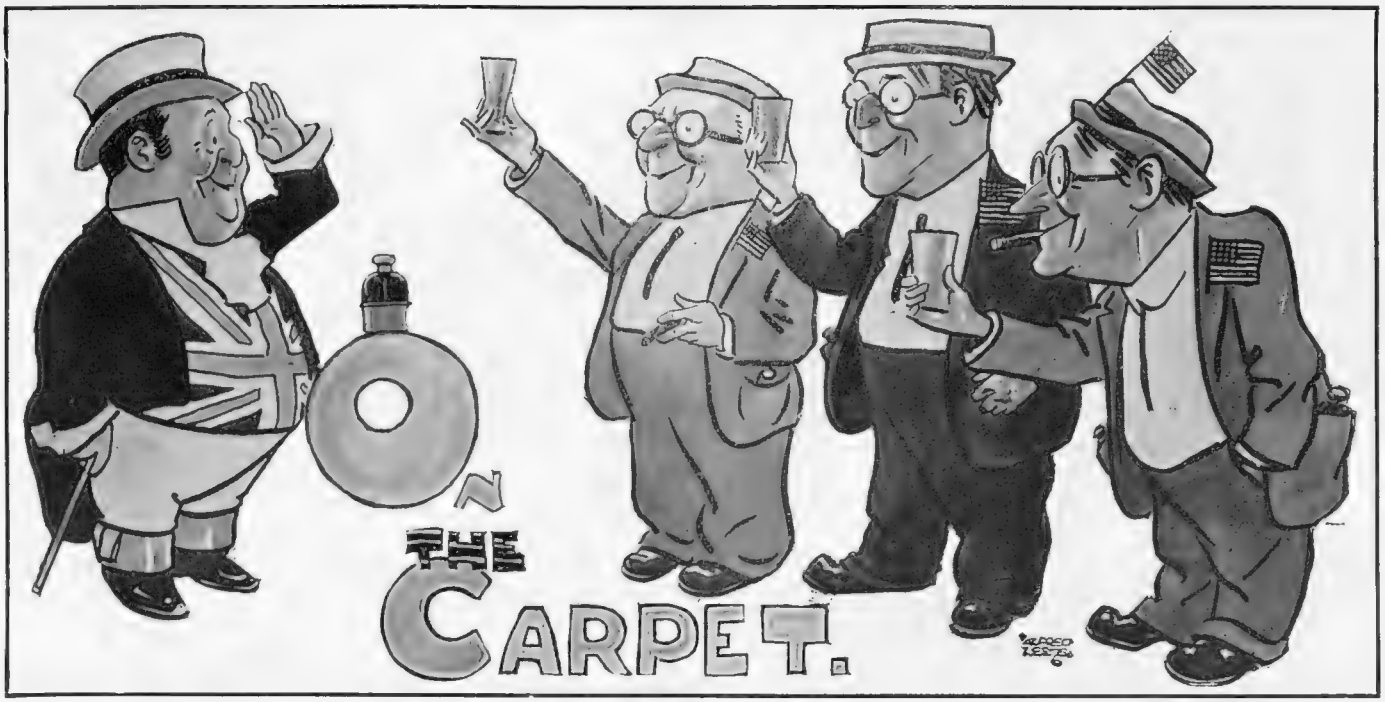
When the hole is so long
That the bogey is five,
Then I make up my mind
To "go for" a "drive."

Doctors urge "potash salts
For the blood," and this means
That I make every effort
To pitch on the "greens."

When I strike a bad lie
(The condition is chronic),
My "iron," I find
Is an excellent tonic.

Yes, the treatment is great,
I shall get better soon
My medicine, caddie!
Quick! hand me my "spoon!"

SKETCHES BY CUNINGHAM



BY BASIL MACDONALD HASTINGS. *Heading by ALFRED LEETE*

No. II.—*Concerning Anglo-American Friendship and the Indiscretions of Certain Visitors from the United States*

GOVERNMENTS are representative for the space of twenty-four hours after election. Then they become misrepresentative. This is inevitable, because the problems of to-morrow are rarely those of to-day, and while the views of A and B may agree about X, it does not follow that they will agree about Z.

An outstanding example of the sharp division that can exist between a nation and her rulers, is to be seen in our own country at this moment. The nation is pro-British, pro-French and anti-Boche. Some of the politicians are anti-French, pro-Boche and only in their own estimation pro-British. But an even sharper division exists in America, where outside a few fanatics everyone buys and consumes alcohol, in spite of the stringent laws for its suppression.

How America came to be stricken with its present misery is not my business at the moment. But with the great British campaign for the alleviation of our cousins' woe I am warmly concerned, because I am convinced from personal experience that to it is very largely due the present popularity of this country in the United States. The cordiality of the business men may, perhaps, be attributed in part to the settlement that was made of our debt, though there are not a few smiles at the simplicity of Mr. Baldwin, who is now looked upon by America as a sort of rich uncle willing to empty his pockets for his nephews even if it involves walking home. But in the eyes of the great mass of the American people we shine with a benignant light, simply because we are helping them to defeat the most immoral and irksome law that has ever disgraced a statute book.

Now there have been certain speeches and interviews reported in the London press which merit instant challenge. Mr. Solicitor-General Beck, taking as his text the boorish robbery of the wine-cellars of British liners, has told us that America resents our selling of alcoholic drink to the rum-runners, and that the nation is up in arms over the assistance given by British shipping to those who would break the laws of the country. Mr. Volstead, a name to be for ever linked with national dis-service, and a famous American journalist have echoed the protests of Mr. Beck.

Now let me tell Mr. Beck and Co definitely that they are misrepresenting their country. I don't care a fig for the retort that at least they are representing their country's government. The crux of the matter is the affection between the two nations, not between the governments of those nations, and I solemnly aver that there is no national feeling against the British in this matter. On the contrary there is a whole-hearted gratitude and appreciation of the assistance which unofficial England has given, and nowhere did I hear these sentiments more cordially expressed than at a public banquet in New York. I sat very close to Mr. Beck and we were both entirely surrounded by Senators and Congressmen with hip flasks. (I wish I could remember if Mr. Beck had one,)

To appreciate to the full the gratitude which has inspired the present American affection for us, it is necessary to know to what extent Prohibition casts a blight on a country. At least 75 per cent. of the adult population of the United States are now law-breakers. The restaurants which do not serve alcoholic drinks surreptitiously are closed. This means that the light of the day is not let in upon drinking, and private drinking is always done to excess. Quite a half of the day's conversation is about drink and the methods of getting it. Need I conjure up a picture of the general immorality inevitably resultant on such a state of affairs? Our cousins raise glasses of our English beer and Scottish and Canadian whisky and call blessings down on the British Empire, sole alleviation of their torment.

Suppose our government were to take steps to stop the rum-running across the Atlantic and the Canadian border. Honestly I believe that something like a revolution would take place in the United States. There would be nothing to drink but the home-manufactured hooch which has killed and blinded so many already. The national fury against England would be overwhelming, and an English actor performing in New York might have to play Hamlet with an American accent.

But good boot-legging Americans may sleep in comfort. Even if our government were so exceedingly foolish as to order the tide to go out, it would receive precisely the same snub as did Canute. Alcohol is a fact of nature, like wind or sea or fire. Quacks and cranks may devise laws to restrain it, but the advertisement so given merely increases its popularity. America will get its drink back again all right, the only intelligent friends of Prohibition at the moment being the smugglers who have made fortunes.

THE FIRE EATERS

(A hazard at the state of boxing in 1943)

By F. G. H. SALUSBURY

SPECIAL envoy, carrying Mr. Denzil Deary's challenge, despatched to the studios of the Superpep Artflick Motion Picture Corp., Inc., where Mr. Lancelot Lullaby, the World's Torpedo - Boat - Destroyer - Weight Champion, is featuring in a screen version of "Hamlet."

Special Envoy arrives and begs an audience.

Envoy is told that Mr. Lullaby's film work is of such an exhausting nature as to preclude his being irritated unnecessarily by strange faces for a few days.

The envoy, admitted to an antechamber, presents the challenge to Mr. Lullaby's secretary who fumigates it and takes it to his master.

The envoy returns to the promoters with Mr. Lullaby's compliments and his promise to meet them and Mr. Deary in a conference to arrange preliminaries.

Mr. Lullaby completes "Hamlet," and starts on "Leering Love."

Mr. Deary begins to write his memoirs.

One of the promoters forces his way into the studios, where Mr. Lullaby is registering emotion, spoils five hundred feet of film, and extracts a pledge to join the conference next week.

Mr. Lullaby finishes "Leering Love," and commences "How d'ya Baby?"

Mr. Deary joins the cast of "Waffles" as leading juvenile.

One of the fight promoters dies.

Mr. Lullaby presents himself at the promoters' office.

Mr. Deary goes on tour.

Mr. Lullaby makes arrangements for a series of violin concerts.

Two of the promoters, becoming desperate, kidnap both Mr. Lullaby and Mr. Deary, and compel them to sign articles. The fight is fixed for the 1st of October.

Mr. Lullaby and Mr. Deary released to go into training.

Mr. Lullaby breaks down when his violin is confiscated, and slaps his trainer. The trainer loses his temper and hits Mr. Lullaby.

Mr. Lullaby goes into a nursing home.

The fight is postponed till the 1st December.

Mr. Lullaby emerges from the nursing home, and changes his trainer.

Mr. Deary catches cramp while taking a bath.

Mr. Deary is removed by special train to London for a consultation of specialists.

Mr. Deary returns to his camp, sworn to take no more baths.

Mr. Lullaby cuts himself while shaving and is operated on by his surgeon-in-waiting.

Favourable bulletins reassure the public of Mr. Lullaby's health.

Mr. Deary, who is writing an epic poem during intervals of training, is overcome by a fine frenzy, and stabs himself in the left fore-finger with his fountain pen.

X-ray experts rushed from London by motor car.

The fight is postponed till the 1st of January.

Mr. Lullaby, out for a run, meets Mr. Deary who cuts him. Mr. Lullaby is prostrated for a week.

The day of the fight approaches; both protagonists announce that they are certain of victory.

Mr. Lullaby overtakes Mr. Deary on a walk, and pokes out his tongue at him.

Mr. Deary escapes his trainers, and eats a plateful of French pastry.

Specialists are rushed from Paris by aeroplane. It is rumoured that the fight will be postponed further.

Mr. Lullaby says that he cannot waste his time like this, and will return to the screen.

Sudden depression reported in Superpep Artflick Motion Picture Corp., Inc., stock.

Mr. Deary recovers.

The morning of the fight finds both men confident of victory.

Half-an-hour before they are due to leave, Mr. Lullaby's seconds discover him examining the scar of his razor cut. He is placed under close arrest, and conveyed to the ring in an ambulance.

Seconds out! Mr. Lullaby smiles confidently at Mr. Deary.

Mr. Deary smiles confidently at Mr. Lullaby.

The first blow is struck.

The second blow is struck.

The third . . . tenth blows are struck.

Mr. Deary, hit on the nose, is roused to fury and slaps Mr. Lullaby's face.

The referee remarks that punch is not what it used to be.

Second Round: Mr. Deary and Mr. Lullaby clinch.

Eleventh Round: the referee, in stepping back, inadvertently catches Mr. Deary on the "point" with his elbow.

Mr. Deary takes the count.

Amid thunderous applause the fight is awarded to Mr. Lullaby, who is overwhelmed with bouquets and chocolates.

Photograph *G. Adams*

A SPORTSMAN'S PARADISE—ENOW

Amhuinnsuidh Castle, the residence of Sir Samuel Scott, Bt., in rugged North Harris. It is situated in the midst of some of the grandest salmon and trout fishing in the outer islands of Scotland, and is surrounded by deer-forests that easily yield a hundred head a season

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

THE ABSENT ARBITER

By JINGLE

ILLUSTRATED BY MACMICHAEL

Produced on August 8, 1923

IF you want to be in the movement you must pronounce it "Sheeva." He is the three-eyed god of the Hindu Trinity, and the eye that wants most watching is the one he wears in the middle of his forehead. A dull red effigy of him is exhibited on the stage; and there is also, among the rest of the furniture, a full-sized sarcophagus with a curtain hanging in front of it, so that it looks as much as anything like an illusionist's cabinet. From the first you get the idea that something or somebody is going to appear or disappear by way of this cabinet, and that imparts a pleasing air of mysteriousness to the proceedings from the start. The mysteriousness is increased by the presence of a Chinese servant and an Indian butler who shuffle silently about the stage and seem to be meditating all sorts of horrid crime. Finally there is trundled across the scene a live leopardess in her cage; and after that you feel that anything may happen.

THE god Siva, it appears, has two attributes. He is a Reproducer and a Destroyer. In this play he is on the warpath to destroy a simple-hearted American gentleman who has been in India a long time and has committed the imprudence of writing for publcation some of the secrets of Siva's worshippers. For this offence he has been sentenced by the Council of Seven to the Smiling Death. The Council of Seven live on the edge of beyond, out Tibet way, and, like the Mahatmas of Theosophy, they know everything that is going on all over the world. They are also experts at hypnotism and projection of the will-power through space, and it is usual, I believe, when entertaining one of them at your house, to count the spoons afterwards. As I take it, the Council of Seven, fortified by a glance from the Eye of Siva, have merely to project a shaft of sudden death through space and their victim passes away with a smile on his lips, and the coroner's verdict is death from natural causes.

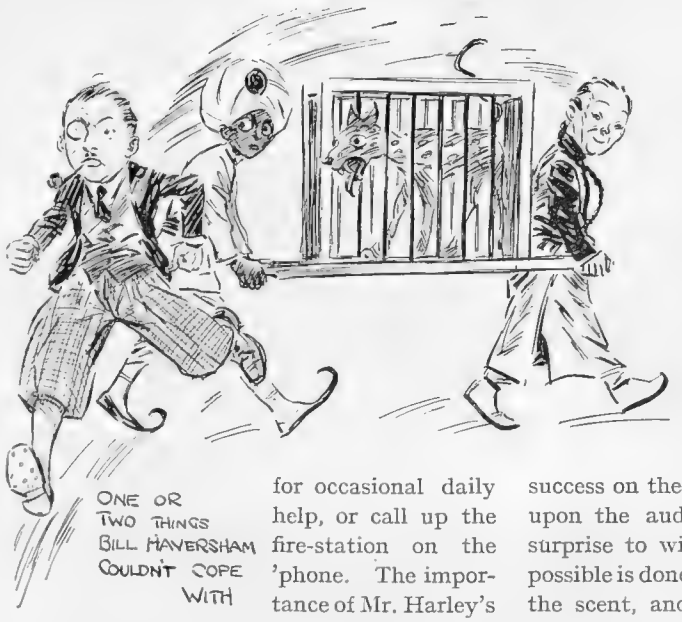
THE scene of the play is the library of a Norfolk Manor House, where Mr. Norris Clay, the American gentleman referred to, is preparing his immortal, but extremely risky, work of reference. The first thing we know is that a tramp has been discovered dead in the shrubbery with a Smile on his face. The police and the coroner are satisfied that the case is a normal one; but Mr. Clay and Paul Harley from the Foreign Office, know very much otherwise. Although the man was dressed like a tramp he was really a police officer in disguise, and the Council of Seven wiped him out because he wanted to know too much.

THE chief agent of Siva is a Mongolian of the name of Sing-Sang-Sung or some musical appellation of that sort. He speaks all languages and can assume any disguise. There is reason to believe he is in England. And presently there is evidence that he is, or has recently been, at the Manor House itself. As you will perceive, at this stage things begin to grow "creepy". Just why Sing-Sang-Sung should take the trouble to come to England when he could, I suppose, have projected the Smiling Death from his smoking room in Tibet, is not clear. Perhaps I

have made him out to be cleverer than he really is.

THE evidence of his presence in the house is first made manifest by the howling of a dog upstairs. Paul Harley, who is on the premises to protect Norris Clay from Oriental violence, dashes up the stairs and comes back with the sad news that a favourite dog has been stabbed to the heart. The knife that did the fatal deed has been left in the body and it bears the imprint of Sing-Sang-Sung. That shows that Sing, etcetera, is not at all clever. I am one of those that believe you should always remove the knife after stabbing anyone, so as to mix up the evidence. But with this little tragedy the atmosphere gets more "creepy" still. Mr. Paul Harley puts on a red fez to add a little more Oriental colour to the scene, and then he notices that an arm-chair that recently stood facing the company has been moved so that it shall face the fire. He turns it to its original position, and a few moments later the Chinese servant comes in and turns the chair back in the opposite direction. Mr. Paul Harley begins to see why this has been done. A man could hide in the arm-chair without being seen as long as it faces the fireplace. In fact, old Sing-Sang-Sung himself might be hiding there at this moment, and the suspense is awful.

PAUL HARLEY from the Foreign Office then explains to Mr. Norris Clay that the Council of Seven are worse than the Bolshevists. After all, the Bolshies are satisfied if they can break up one country after another; while the Council of Seven aim to destroy Europe in one piece, and then to wipe out America. Mr. Harley explains that he and Mr. Clay stand alone between this deadly peril and modern civilisation. It is a big job for two men, and I think if I were in their place I should advertise for occasional daily help, or call up the fire-station on the 'phone. The importance of Mr. Harley's job is emphasised by himself more than once, although I should have thought a prudent man would have supplied himself with some kind of an understudy, if it were only someone who could convey his last words to mother.



ONE OR TWO THINGS BILL HAVERSHAM COULDN'T COPE WITH

MR. HARLEY is a man who thinks a good deal. Once when he is alone on the stage he thinks for about two or three minutes on end. He writes a letter thoughtfully, and then just as thoughtfully arranges papers on the table, lifting his head every now and then to listen. The impression that something ghastly is about to happen is very well conveyed by Mr. Arthur Wontner, who plays the part. Mr. Wontner is, indeed, the mainstay of the piece throughout. He is a kind of Sherlock Holmes who walks into danger with the quiet confidence of one who knows that there is nothing on the end of it, and he gets there every time. Once he decides to hide himself in the armchair facing the fire. He switches the lights off, and takes his place there accordingly, watching and waiting for the unknown terror. We can see the top of his red fez all the while. Suddenly there are weird noises, a brilliant flame shoots up from somewhere that temporarily blinds the audience, and when everybody comes rushing on, it is found that the Chinese servant, Ah Fu, is sitting inside the sarcophagus dead but Smiling. Indeed, he is wearing more of a broad grin than anything. As for Mr. Harley, he escaped from the chair by an ingenious ruse which must be seen to be believed.

IT is not fair to tell too much of a story of this kind, which depends, of course, for its success on the surprises that are sprung upon the audience, with a nice final surprise to wind up with. All that is possible is done to throw the audience off the scent, and it is done very successfully. People who are about to make an innocent call on the 'phone abandon the instrument with a guilty look directly Mr. Harley appears on the scene; one man steals an empty envelope from the table under the impression that it contains Foreign Office secrets, and you feel sure he is one of the villains; and now and again people run in screaming for no reason at all except to help along the mysteriousness of the play. Except that there is perhaps a little too much talk and not quite enough action, this is a most absorbing entertainment.

JINGLE

KATHLEEN NESBITT AND EDMOND BREON.

PEOPLE *at* PLAY

SEA BATHING. By "PENDARVES"

It has always been one of life's little mysteries to me why the young lady in the railway carriage pushes her skirt nervously another couple of inches towards her ankles, and yet walks unconcernedly down the beach to the sea before a thousand eyes, clad in——but that is by the way.

I suppose it is because, as a fag at school, I was chucked into the deep end of the swimming-bath and told to get out as best I could, that I view the whole bathing business nowadays with mixed feelings, the uppermost being one of aversion, and evasion where possible. On the other hand, I would not be without the adjunct of bathing to the programme of a seaside holiday for anything.

It is with feelings akin to ecstasy that the three of us, I and a deck-chair and a cigar (the latter from the gilt-edged, pigskin case of the Manchester man in the hotel, who took seventeen and tenpence off me at bridge last night) settle down to study unobtrusively the British Bather in his own Channel. I admire intensely the rugged fortitude of old General Surcingle, from Simla, who is "not going to have any dam nonsense about the sun, by gad," and who trots, in an outsize stockinette, to the water's edge with a superstructure of white *topee*, which is pinioned to the beach by a large stone, the while he sits shoulder-high in the water with blowing crimson cheeks for half an hour under the full noontide glare of it.

I adore the lady of an absolutely certain age who shrouds herself in folds of costume that "was *de rigueur* in *my* day, m'ff!" and enters the lapping edges a bad last.

I am filled with a throat-catching sympathy for the very thin man, who can't swim, but has to chaperone the fat wife who can. His days, and nights, must be a mockery to him. I desire to rend in twain "the splasher." The man, I mean, who is always in up to the armpits a half-minute or so before the others, and who calls out "Come on, it's quite warm!" and shovels handfuls of icy spray over hesitant and shaking entrants. He is the abomination of desolation.

But above all others do I abhor the precocious *ingénue*, who stands before you, and in what "best-sellers" describe as "a clear cut, incisive voice" says, "Aren't you going to bathe?" Her eyes are full of inimical inquiry, and her voice travels along a dozen huts on either side of you, to the general head-turning. She, of course, has already bathed twice. Once at 8 a.m. with what she describes as "the lads of the village," the boys who wear blazers underneath the collars of tennis shirts, and again at 11, with the family and the follower. As far as you are concerned she can bathe unto seventy times seven, so long as she does it on some other coast, abounding with cross-currents and rocks.

Her inquiry contains a condemnation; as if you really needed it. You would like to say (through a megaphone) "Run away, my child, *I* have passed beyond the rubicon of the 'bath night.'" But it would be lost upon her.

So what you actually say, hurriedly and blithely, hating the whole sex, is "Er—yes, *rather*, he he! . . . Just finishing this cigar."

But you are now definitely committed to action. The time-worn, unanswered questions roll through your mind in the twilight of the hut. Why is the cursed costume always frigidly damp? Why is it inside out; and which *is* the right bally side of the thing, anyway? Why must the wind be in the East so that it pifiles through the knots in the timbers at about seventy miles an hour? Why do earwigs love bathing-huts? And why need they choose the psychological moment when you are sitting on the seat *in puris naturalibus* to drop from a beam on to your spine? Why is there always one flinty-edged pebble on the floor?

Of course, the dear dog has buried one bathing-shoe in a favourite *cache* against the breakwater half a mile away. Equally, of course, the tide is at full ebb, and a desert waste of shingle divides you from the sea. But, imitating Blondin to the best of your ability, you reach slippery seaweed and ubiquitous crabs in the fullness of time, and wade in, trying to look like a member of the Otter Swimming Club.

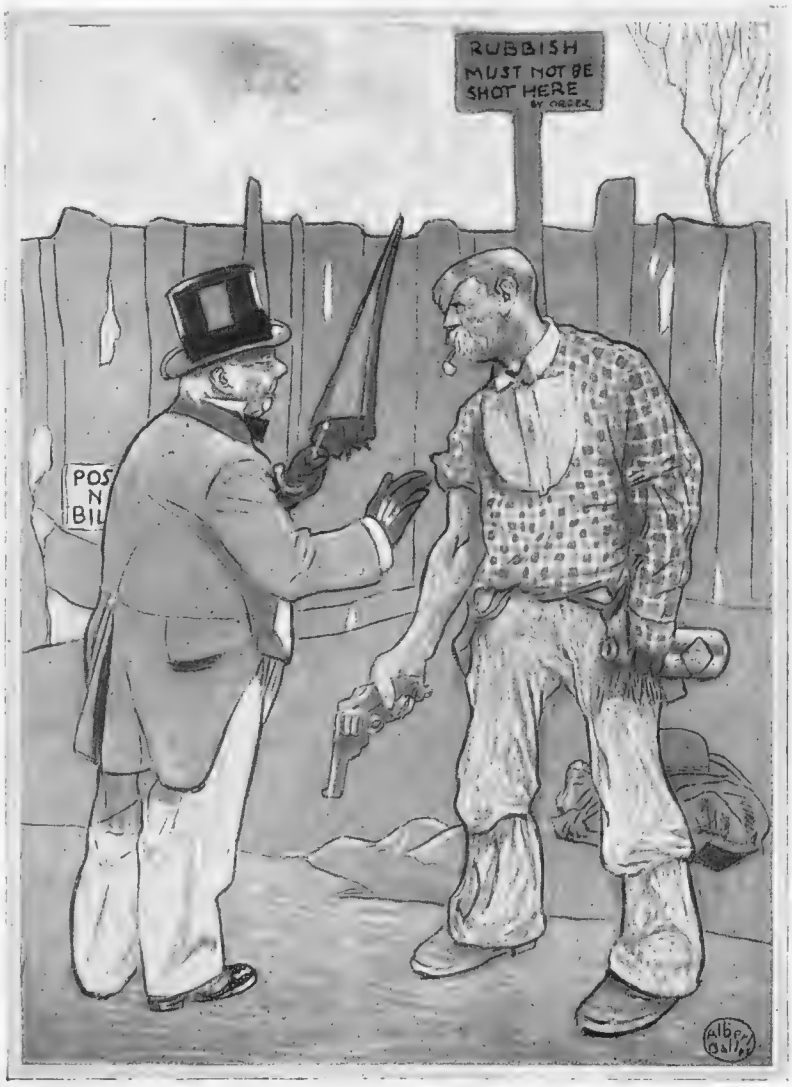
Back once again with the gloom and the earwigs, with the damp cigarette shaking in your lips, your mental attitude towards what your doctor describes as "the fine tonic effect of salt water" insensibly alters. You soliloquise thus:

"L—let's see: Thursday: th-that m-m-means *Jambon b-b-braisé, s-s-sauce madère* at the h-h-hotel lunch. G-g-good! . . .

"Fine thing, this b-b-bathing: feel as f-f-fit as anything n-n-now. . . .

"Hell of an appetite I've g-got: must get into l-l-lunch early. . . . G-g-glad I went in. . . .

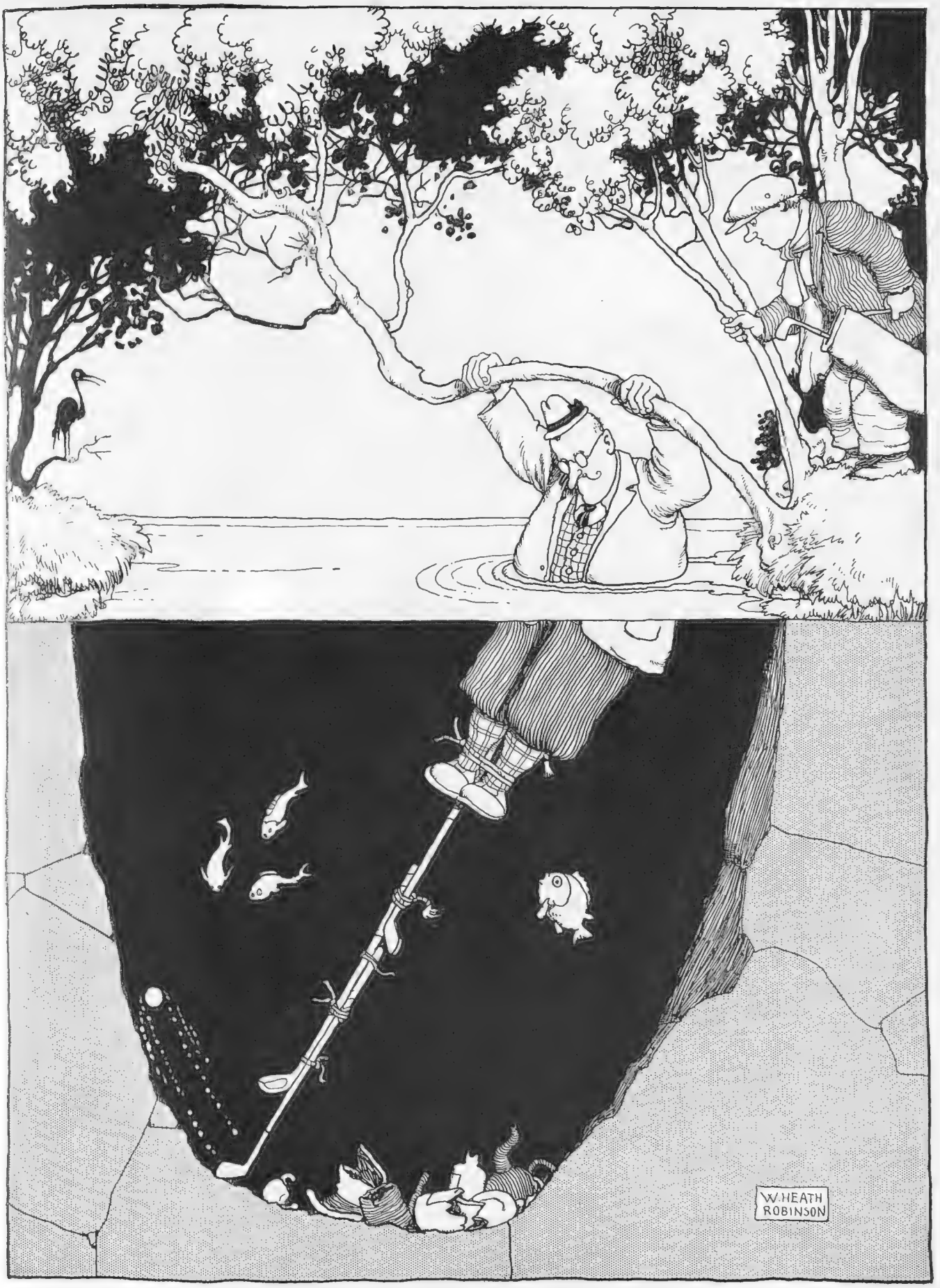
"Wonder what those p-p-pestilential people out there have g-got in that thermos . . .?"



THE KILL-JOY By Albert Bailey

Well-meaning Stranger (*to would-be suicide*): "Pardon me, but have you seen that notice? You'll get into trouble if you kill yourself here!"

Down to Bed-rock



BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

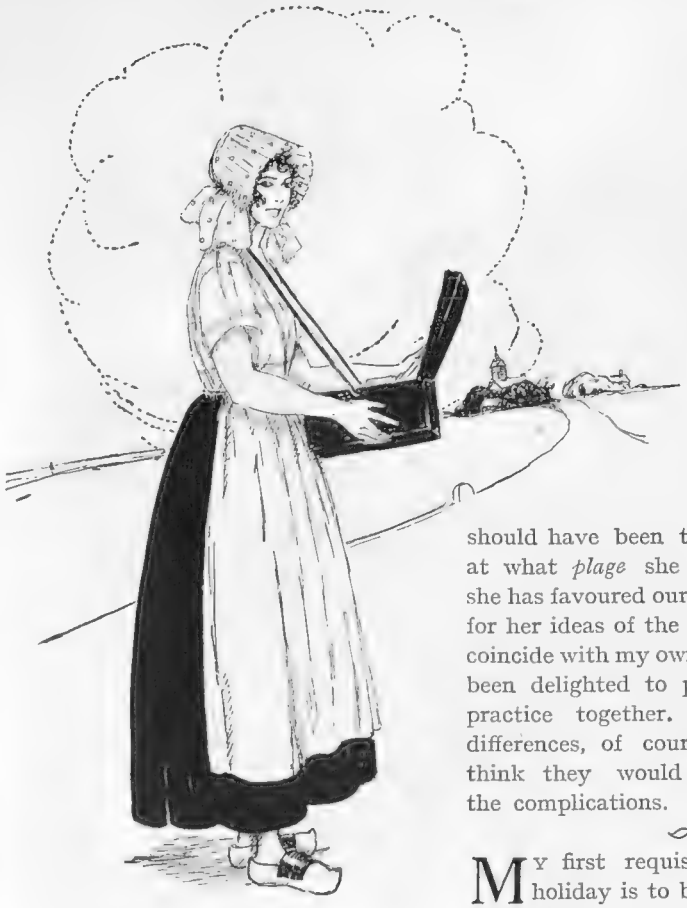
AN INTELLIGENT METHOD OF OVERCOMING A DIFFICULT PROBLEM

BY HARRY WOOLLEY

THE "GROUSE" SEASON HAS COMMENCED

Another Ideal Holiday

"By RENÉ." *Illustrated by MARCEL PONCIN*



"The post-lady"

MES AMIS—

I HAVE been just about to gossip as usual about Paris when the post-lady has chanced to arrive with a BYSTANDER, in which I have read the delicious "reflecsh." of Blanchette on the Ideal Holiday. Most unsatisfactory is it to gossip about Paris without Parisians, so I find it too difficult to withstand the influence of Blanchette, and feel that I must have my say also about the Ideal Holiday. Almost always do I find myself in agreement with the philosophy of Blanchette, and this matter of the holiday is not the exception.

I HAVE observed with especial interest she has said that one should be with the "one person that matters." Presumably she has passed her holiday with that "one person." Otherwise I should have been tempted to inquire at what *plage* she has descended, as she has favoured our side of La Manche, for her ideas of the ideal holiday do so coincide with my own that I would have been delighted to put them into the practice together. There are the differences, of course, but I do not think they would have introduced the complications.

MY first requisite for the ideal holiday is to be out of the reach of editors. Editors are people of the utmost charm, and I hate to spoil that impression by to be ever in contact. The best thing is to apply once a year your wonderful old proverb about absence which makes the heart grow fonder. Thus I am seven miles from a post-office, in a region which is completely unspoiled by the modern vice of hustle, where they deliver a letter five days late with just as much solemnity as if it were a telegram.

OF course, they have their little weaknesses, these postmen and post-ladies of the countryside. They exercise the most long delay on the envelopes which contain the cheques, but I refuse to be shaken out of my torpor even by that. I decline, moreover, to indulge any effort of the brain in the speculation of how they can know these welcome letters from the unwelcome ones. As this is the ideal holiday, brain puzzles are barred. I also refuse to be irritated because Marcel has put into operation against me the very system on which I base my own joys of holiday. He has known that I would be in Normandy, so he has concealed himself in the most farthest extremity of Finistere. I have not the slightest of reproaches to employ against him.

I SHALL not, however, respond to his invitation to telegraph to him at the lighthouse at which he is *en vacances*. Though I have never enjoyed the experience to telegraph to a lighthouse, I have the firm intention not to telegraph at all. The mere idea of haste which is involved in a telegram is entirely against the spirit of the ideal holiday. I hope, however, that for the pleasure of all of us, he will enough have of energy to do us a picture of his lighthouse.

AND in order that he shall not become too conceited about his lighthouse, I may say that from the road above my *chalet* I can count nine lighthouses, which stretch from the Cap de la Hogue to Cancale, and include Guernsey, Jersey and St. Servan. When we go out at night to gather the glow-worms to light our bedrooms—for we have neither the electricity nor the gas, and the oil supply has the habit to run out without to be noticed—we have, perhaps, more lighthouses in view than can be exceeded anywhere. Still, we do not become over-proud of even this on our ideal holiday, which has no

"In the most farthest extremity of Finistere"

"More and more extravagant"

place for the most slight disturbance of tranquillity.

EVEN when the postman has run over a hen, which has not only caused the bad scratches to his new bicycle, but has put dirty green patches on his summer *pantalons blanches* and has compelled him to remain in bed for *une quinzaine* with a wrenched ankle, the village has failed to become excited and we have greeted the *demoiselle* who has replaced him on the subsequent days as if she has been the regular afternoon caller. It is necessary to say afternoon because the *heure de distribution* is any time between two and five, urgency here being a matter quite without the consequence. On one regrettable occasion we have experienced the shock to receive a newspaper of the previous morning, but the such catastrophe has not ever been repeated, presumably on the instructions of the postmaster in the big village, who does exercise the careful watch over our nerves.

THE post-lady has, however, signalised her first appearance by to bring a little note, which has informed me that the "next" number of THE BYSTANDER shall be a Scotch Number. I have had rather the pangs about that, because there is something I should have liked to write for a Scotch Number, and by the time I have received the notification the Scotch Special has been already published. It has happened that I have discovered a "missing link"—a thing which has often puzzled me in the periods of the year when there is the energy for the speculation.

YOU may recall that there has for the centuries been the deep regard, on the part of the Scots, for the French, and for the Normands in particular, an admiration which has almost amounted to homage. The clue to this has been at last revealed to me by the *cultivateurs* who bring to us the vegetables and the fruits, and the butcher who brings the wonderful *mouton pre sale*. You know that the French are a thrifty race, who look three times at a sou—and then put it back in their pockets. Well, by the side of the Normands, the other Frenchmen are the most profligate of spendthrifts.

IS that not a sufficient reason for the respectful homage which is paid to them by the Scots and the explanation why so many Scotsmen come to Normandy to learn to haggle and to hoard? For the benefit of the students of history, this discovery should not have been omitted from the Scotch Number. *Cependant*, it is placed on record by the present occasion.

BUT to return to the matter of the Ideal Holiday. You may have received the impression that mine consists entirely in to be buried in the rusticity. But no. I am far from to have finished to enumerate the charms of the spot in which I have found my ideal *chalet*. From the windows we overlook one of the most splendid bays of France and a *plage* at which to bathe is just perfect. The tourists come from the big town, where they have almost no *plage*, to bathe at our one, and we are able to see all the latest fashions of the costumes and make the reflection that those of the *demoiselles* who ignore the water are more and more extravagant. We miss, one must admit, the *demoiselles au pompom rouge*, for the sailors of the naval station are *en perm.* in Paris.

"To gather the glow-worm"

BUT we have something else which shall surprise you greatly. We have *le golf*. You had not expected that in a region which has scarcely changed from what it has been five or six hundred years ago. But *le golf* lies almost beneath our windows, between the *chalet* and the sea, on the edge of the broad blue bay. There is the intention to make it the finest in France. But I shall not betray the secrecy of the whereabouts. Ideals—in holidays as in all other things—are hard to attain and harder still to conserve.

RENÉ

Birds About Town

BY L. R. BRIGHTWELL

"Well, I dunno, Percy Boy—I suppose as 'ow there's somethin' in bein' 'atched out a sparrer!"

Photograph *Sport and General*

"READY, AYE, READY!"

Mr. W. Harrison, one of Lord Woolavington's shooting party at Knockando, Moray

Photograph *Sport and General*

IN LAMMERMUIR

Captain and Mrs. Stroyan at Dye Moor, Berwickshire—Mr. William Ropner's shoot

Photograph *Central News*

ACTION FRONT!

Mr. J. K. Foster, who is entertaining a shooting party at Egton, his Yorkshire estate, snapped on the Wintersgill beat

"THE GUNS, AT

So do we all echo the infantryman's sigh of relief on our lighter occasions in Scotland, North Wales, and on the moors of Yorkshire; Der
well "broken," grouse are steadily finding their way to our

Photograph *Sport and General*

A CHAT BETWEEN DRIVES

Colonel W. Bridges with Major and Mrs. W. Guy Ropner, others of Mr. William Ropner's party

Photograph *Sport and General*

DURING THE CAMERA "SHOOT"

Mr. Paul Henry and Miss Peggie Robertson fall willing victims to the camera man's "gun"

By Joseph Simpson

LAST, THE GUNS!"

byshire and Lancashire—now that August's here and old birds and "cheepers" alike are strong on the wing. With most of the moors tables, as also are the photographs of "how it's done"

Photograph *Sport and General*

NUMBER SIX OF THE LINE

Colonel J. Harvey, D.S.O., Deputy-Lieutenant for Bedford County, caught "off duty" on Danby Moor

"Rubble"

BY FRANK SHERWIN

THE INFLUENCE OF SURROUNDINGS ON OUR HOLIDAY COMPLEXIONS

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

THE MAN WITH THE WRINKLED NECK

By PRUDENCE O'SHEA

SHIRLEY JAXON was that type of young lady who paid twopence for an uncomfortable seat in Kensington Gardens and then looked up at the sky and smiled. In the sky she saw drifting clouds of grey, blue or white—it all depended upon the Clerk of the Weather. But into those clouds she wove the forms of slim, laughing, demure girls . . . sometimes saints with lip-salve and sometimes Magdalenes with prayer-books. Then she went home and wrote a short story about the slim, etcetera, girls, and received ten pounds for it.

There was no reason, really, why Shirley should not smile at the clouds.

She did the same thing on buses. And it was on a bus that she found herself looking at something and realising that it was very familiar to her. And the something was the neck of a man sitting on the seat in front.

It was a thick, hairless neck, covered by a network of the most interesting wrinkles. They started at different points thickly and then, thinning *en route*, threaded their curved way in all directions very much like the rivers on a detailed map. Shirley became engrossed.

Sometimes the rivers trembled slightly and Shirley's imagination peopled the sandy banks of those wide stretches of water with laughing, etcetera, girls. Already she had earned five of those ten pounds as she went deeper into her contribution to a Summer Number. Then suddenly . . . a tremendous cataclysm of nature flung those rivers into sudden chaos. They knotted themselves . . . they writhed.

The man in front had sneezed!

Shirley was still five pounds-worth short, and regretted that, perhaps, she would have to follow the man in front to his dreary destination in order to study the neck which stimulated both her imagination and banking account, when . . . he alighted at the Broad Walk entrance to Kensington Gardens! And that was where Shirley had intended to alight.

Inside, she watched him step across the low railing and tread his way over the grass. She decided that he was fifty; grumpy and rather sweet. Soon, with a great to-do and much audible breathings, he selected a certain chair, sat upon it, and looked up at the trees.

Shirley reconstructed her evidence. She said: "Here we have a Romanticist of the old school. He has a favourite seat on the top of buses; I know that because I remember now often having seen his neck. He also has a favourite seat in the gardens. He comes here, no doubt from his frowzy office, to indulge in the delightful and innocent practice of day-dreaming. Yes. . . . I shall speak to our young friend."

She said aloud: "Excuse me, but can you tell me the name of that tree you are looking at?"

The man turned ferocious eyes upon her. They wore that ferocious expression, Shirley decided, to conceal a natural kindliness; just as men with dimpled chins sometimes wear Trotsky beards. He said:

"Which tree?"

"That one." Shirley pointed.

"That? Oh, that's a plane."

"Oh, really? I've heard of planed wood. Thanks so much."

The man replied with a sort of disgusted impatience. "Planed wood isn't the same. You, as a botanist, young woman, ought to know that."

"But I'm not a botanist; I'm a writer."

An expression of indescribable contempt came into the face of the man. He said: "Oh, I see. I know you young people. I've often wanted to meet one of you like this. You never by any possible chance call a spade a spade . . . unless you happen to be realistic writers, and then you give the shovel a Shavian adjective. No . . . that plane tree, for instance, will become a willow in your next story. And I, no doubt, shall be a girl of eighteen in pink linen swinging a picture hat."

"Of course you will. Why not?"

"Or, if I'm not a girl of eighteen, I shall be a broken woman in grey gently sobbing."

Shirley smiled. She said: "You certainly seem to know our methods. You must be one of our long-suffering public."

"I'm long-suffering all right."

"That's not a very nice thing to say. Perhaps you make stoves which smoke, in which case I'm one of your long-suffering public."

"Perhaps. Why not?"

"And you said that that was a plane tree. . . . May I sit down? . . . Thanks. Yes, you said that was a plane tree. After all, how do you *know* it's a plane tree?"

"Because I can see it is."

"No; you *think* you can see it is. But how do you know that your sight is not defective and that it is not a willow?"

"Because I was told only a week or two ago that my sight is perfect."

"Really? . . . So you didn't trust your amazing convictions, then, without the judgment of a specialist to back you up?"

"Of course I did."

"And if you are such a wonderful materialist, how is it that you always travel on the top of buses looking at the sky and then select this certain seat and look at the trees?"

"How do you know I do those things?"

"Because I've seen you. And shall I tell you something else? You're an idealist, and you're ashamed of it . . . so you frown and make grumbly noises when children come near so they go running away. It makes you feel rather a terrible force."

"Thanks awfully. Do go on."

"I'm going on. Yes; and the truth is that you come here because these gardens breathe a spirit of peace over you. You step out of the clothes you are wearing—spiritually—and the world is yours for half an hour to roam and conquer. You have strange adventures which no one knows anything about. You are invincible. You are swift as Perseus . . . strong as Hercules . . . and handsome as . . . handsome as that naked statue of a man in the R.A.C. lounge. You—you are all these things and nobody knows it but you. And it is your secret and your triumph. And when some little whipper-snapper annoys you you say to yourself, 'He'd feel pretty sick if I told him that *really* I'm Perseus, Hercules, and—and the R.A.C. man.'"

"Say some more."

"I'm going to say a lot more."

"And then you'll go home and write a story about a millionaire. And the millionaire will have a wife with red hair and a suite furnished in Oriental style. And a shot will be heard and the wife will rush out, wearing a sort of—a kind of crimson sort of dressing-gown thing with fur all over it. And her maid's name will be Marie. And the dressing gown business will come all open and show . . . no, *disclose*—a sort of peacock-blue wonderful kind of camisole. And . . ."

"And then there'll be heard a tap on the door?"

"Yes."

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(*Continued on page 770*)

"Thanks; but I don't write stories like that."

"You mean to say that you write them true to life?"

"I certainly do."

"I don't believe you."

"Thanks."

"No; I mean you *think* you write them true to life. Really you write about a desert island. And it's a man and a girl who are shipwrecked. It's not your fault that it's a man and a girl, because if you made it a man and a coup of chickens, or the coloured cook and a smoking-cap, you'd starve. And the man strides over the sand in all his young . . . his young. . . ."

"Beauty?"

"Yes, beauty. And the girl powders her nose and says, 'Guy, let's keep our love pure! . . .' It's never entered Guy's head before that it wasn't pure, but now it gets him guessing. And when the moon makes all things silver with its ghostly radiance he touches her, and she says, 'You weren't like this on the boat.' Of course he wasn't. He was wearing more clothes. Then when he turns away in self-detestation she comes near him and manages that the wind is leeward, so that a bit of hair which still retains its Coty's *Chypre* in spite of its ducking, touches his cheek. But he strides away, and she calls after him that she's afraid of mice, or something, so he comes back feeling a bit cheap. Then she sprains her ankle and he carries her into the hut he's built for her on the lines of the Ideal Homes exhibits, and your story ends with a row of dots."

"Exactly . . . for some. But not for me. Do you ever bet?"

"Often."

"Then I bet you I'll write an ordinary story about ordinary people and that it'll be accepted."

"All right. I bet you a . . . Do you ever dine?"

"Sometimes."

"Then I bet you a dinner it won't."

"Very well. I'm on."

"Mind—it's to be an ordinary story with an ordinary title. None of your 'Drifting Sands,' or 'Autumn's Heritage.' It's to be a plain story. . . ."

"Very well. And may I make the girl pretty?"

"No, make her just ordinary."

"I haven't got to give her a hare-lip or anything, though, have I?"

"No; you needn't give her a hare-lip."

"Then I'll call her something like Jackson or some common name like that. She'll be twenty-seven and hard-working. She won't have a crippled sister to support, and she'll make lots of her own frocks."

"No neatly darned gloves and the daughter of a clergyman!"

"No. . . no. And she'll use henna shampoos sometimes, and end her sentences with prepositions. And she won't have loved a young American who was blinded in the War. She'll be the modern kind. . . she'll love everyone who's rather nice and sweet. Oh. . . I'll make her ordinary enough!"

"And the man?"

"Well. . .we'll perhaps call him Harry unless you think I ought to keep all my Harrys for the strong-jawed young engineers who carry snapshots of the only girl in their dinner jackets. So perhaps we won't give the man a name. He can be just an ordinary man. About fifty; stoutish . . . . A dear old bluffer! What about it?"

"Just as you like."

"Very well. Give me a month to write it, to submit it to about a dozen Philistines and then to vamp the editor who finally falls for it."

"Won't you need more than a month?"

"I don't think so."

"Very well then."

Shirley rose. "Then there's nothing else?"

"No; and he's not to commit suicide or anything. In real life a man feels sick, looks down the muzzle and then says: 'No, hang it! I wait till to-morrow. She may apologise!'"

"And she doesn't apologise and he doesn't do it?"

"That's right. You've got the idea."

"Good-bye. Then a month from to-day?"

The man rose from his chair as she walked away. He reflected that she was wise to wear such pretty stockings.

And in one month's time they met again. The man was already in the same chair and quite restless until he saw Shirley. Then he quickly assumed an expression of boredom.

Shirley broke into a half-run and sat beside him. She opened a Magazine and said: "There you are! . . . That all right?"

The man said: "Quite. And very pretty illustrations. But don't be too uppish. I'm the editor of that weekly!" PRUDENCE O'SHEA

ON THE LONG ARM OF THE LAW By FREDERICK PARKER

"Mummy, do they vaccinate policemen?"

"Why, dear?"

"Well, they never seem to catch anything, *do* they?"

"I Have a Song to Sing—O!"

Photograph *Rita Martin*

MISS HELEN GILLILAND

The well-known soprano who is in the cast of "Katinka," the forthcoming musical production at the Shaftesbury. The possessor of a charming voice which she used with marked success in the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company, Miss Gilliland has some new and delightful songs to sing-O in "Katinka"

At the Bilton Park Tournament

Photograph] THE HOUSE PARTY AT BILTON PARK *[Topical*

A group outside the Hon. Kenneth Mackay's house during the Bilton Park polo week, including Major F. W. Barrett, Miss West, Mrs. Mackay, the Hon. Kenneth Mackay, Wing-Commander P. K. Wise, Captain R. Wise and Captain J. P. Dening

Photograph *Topical*

WATCHING THE PLAY

The Comtesse de Bouchon and Lord Wimborne, who were among the guests

Photograph *Topical*

THE "GRAND STAND"

Some of the spectators at Bilton Park, including Miss Joan Arkwright (right), Mrs. Dowling Feillon and Mr. C. Dowling Feillon

The Annual Summer Tournament held on the Hon. Kenneth Mackay's private grounds at Bilton Park, Rugby, is always an enjoyable function for both players and spectators alike. The Bilton Park team, which was runner-up in the Rugby Open Tournament, was beaten by Hillmorton (who received two goals) in the Senior Final of its own Tournament by nine goals to five

Five Rounds at North Berwick

Photograph *J. C. H. Balmain*

SOME FOUR!

Peter, son of the Hon. Sidney and Mrs Marsham, Barbara and Diana, Major Wyld's two daughters, and the Hon. Patricia St. Clair, daughter of Lord and Lady Sinclair, on the track of Colonel Bogey

Photograph *Day and Thomson*

EN FAMILLE

Sir Otto Beit, the African millionaire, with Lady Beit and their daughter, Muriel

Photograph *J. C. H. Balmain*

FOLLOWING THE "PRO.'S" INSTRUCTIONS

Miss Mala Brand, the daughter of Mrs. Simon Brand, keeping her eye well on the ball

Photograph *J. C. H. Balmain*

IN THE ROUGH

Mrs. Mackirdy (left) and Lady Sinclair caught by the "Bystander" photographer in quite a fair way

Photograph *Day and Thomson*

CAMERA CORNER

Mrs. Leslie Balfour Melville driving off from the first tee, where the crowd collects

The Annual Summer Tournament held on the North Berwick public grounds is always an enjoyable function for both players and spectators—no! sorry—that belongs to the previous page. But it *is* an annual summer tournament, with brassies for lances, mashies for maces, and putters to give the dagger's *coup de grâce*. And, unless we are very much mistaken—which is, of course, impossible—it is enjoyed by all player-spectators

PEOPLE I SHOULD LIKE TO BE

BY RALPH STRAUS

No. 1.—THE PRIME MINISTER

I AM not what you would call a really ambitious man. I am certainly not a man who was born to shoulder very heavy responsibilities. My political opinions, if they can be said to exist—a very doubtful matter—change more or less according to the newspaper which I happen to have been reading. For all that, I should not only dearly love to be Prime Minister of my country, but I fancy that I should be a really popular and *good* Prime Minister. I feel I could do so much to help on the people.

Sometimes, as I walk down in the mornings to my office—it is not my own office, of course, but it is where I am supposed to earn a rather meagre salary—I like to imagine a day with myself in the Chief Office of the Empire. . . .

I have never been in No. 10 Downing Street, but I imagine that the best bedroom would be the jolliest possible place with a thick grey carpet and mirrors and patent contrivances to keep my clothes beautifully pressed, and a marble bath in an alcove with as much hot water as I could possibly want. I should be awakened early, though not too early, by a grave valet, who would tell me that I was to ride in Hyde Park and breakfast at ten. So I would bathe and dress, and enjoy a canter in Rotten Row. There I should casually meet the King, and chat with His Majesty, and be photographed with him for the newspapers. At ten I should have a very good breakfast, while my secretaries would give me the news. (I should have five or six secretaries, and at least two of them would be ladies. They would not be elderly—the ladies, I mean—and I think I would have one tall and dark and the other fair and *petite*. Probably I should have taken a great deal of trouble in choosing them, and I might even have had four ladies and two men, though that is a minor point which I have never been able to settle.)

Yes, my secretaries would give me the news, and it would be rather exciting news—not the sort that gets into the newspapers, but the much more thrilling kind which only Prime Ministers and Kings and Ambassadors and William Le Queux and Phillips Oppenheim ever hear. Secret Treaties and State Documents that have been stolen by spies, and Society Scandals that have to be hushed up. Oh, I should certainly enjoy my breakfast.

Well, and then I would go into my study, and be photographed for the newspapers, and have in my chief confidential secretary—she, I think, would be the tall dark one, though I am not quite certain on this point—and we would examine my engagement book, and discuss all manner of things, and—and so on.

Then, of course, there would be my work. I would walk across to the Treasury and be photographed for the newspapers, and wonder how best I could help my country this morning, and quite suddenly I would invent a plan for abolishing the Income Tax. Yes, I would see just how to get rid of it altogether, and I would go up into my room and jot down a few notes, and have in all the High Officials, and explain my idea. And they would be amazed and delighted, and I would have a Bill drafted at once.

"I would be photographed for the newspapers"

Receiving Deputations and signing State documents would take up an hour or so, and then an Under-Secretary would come in to remind me that I was lunching with the Lord Mayor at the Mansion House. So I would be motored in the Rolls-Royce into the City, and be cheered in the streets, and be met by the Lord Mayor, and be photographed shaking hands with him (for the newspapers), and be given a most excellent lunch with really good wines. Then I should make a great speech, and be photographed making it, and explain that I had given orders for the Income Tax to be abolished, and——

Well, wouldn't there be cheers!

And then I should drive down to Westminster, and the news would be known, and there would be crowds round my car, and I should keep on raising my hat and being photographed for the newspapers. They would stop the traffic for me, and policemen would salute me, and I should probably make another speech from the car. Then in the House of Commons, all the Members would rise and cheer me as I walked to my seat, and there would come a note from the King, offering me an Earldom and the Garter and anything else that I wanted.

At five o'clock I would go on to the Terrace, to drink tea with a beautiful Duchess and her still more beautiful daughter, and the Lady Blanche would look up into my eyes and—and so on. And then it would be time for me to return to Downing Street, and after escaping from the adoring crowds that had collected about the palisades I would smoke a cigar in my study, and look at the photographs of myself in the newspapers, and, perhaps, if there was time, hold a Cabinet Meeting, and then rush up to my bedroom to dress.

I would put on a gorgeous uniform with a lot of gold lace and medals and stars, and drive off to take my place at a banquet at Buckingham Palace. I should be photographed getting into my car, and getting out of it as well—on both occasions for the newspapers. I should enjoy a wonderful dinner, and afterwards dance a minuet, or whatever it is that Royalty dances, with a stately Princess, and then—well, then my day would be done.

Yes, I am convinced that I could do everything that is required of a Prime Minister.

With Whiskers On

BY WILL OWEN

TRIPPER: "I believe you're the man that took me across last year"
SANDY: "D'ye mind my face, Sir?"
TRIPPER: "No—not at all!"

Salmon Fishing on the Spey

'MIDST THE WOODED HILLS OF MORAY

Sir Duncan Hay resting by the banks of the Spey after a strenuous morning with rod and line. Sir Duncan, who is the tenth baronet of his line, served in the 3rd Royal Scots, and is a member of the King's Bodyguard for Scotland

Photographs *Sport and General*

ARMING FOR THE SPEY FRAY

Col. Dunbar resolutely pulling on his waders preparatory to tempting the Scottish salmon to forsake their home in the waters of the Spey at Knockando. His admiring audience are Mr. Wallace and Sir Walter Gilbey. (In circle) Lord Woolavington equipped for a morning's sport on the Spey

If We Had an Ellis Island—

By Blanchette *Illustrated by HELEN McKIE*

"Someone did say something about Ellis Island"

SOMEWHERE-BY-THE-SEA, *August* 27
DEAR COUSIN—

SEEM to be quite a lot of people, here in England now, telling us just how we ought to live and behave and putting us in our proper place, and all that sort of thing—what? Not English people, though, that's the odd part of it. 'Pear to be from the U.S.A., most of 'em, in fact.

LIKE the Methodist Bishop—which sounds odd, too, but then they do do oddish things over the water sometimes, don't they?—who's been talking about how frightfully vicious the "night life" of London is. Or the American young woman who designs frocks for all Noo Yark (so she says) at £10,000 a year or so, and says English girls are d es ed like frumps. All very nice and bright and cheery nd p'lite, aren't they?

THOUGH I don't s'pose they mean it in any unkind way, really. ust got a kind of pash. for "leaving the world better than they find it," hat's all—which is a fearf'ly laudable nd praiseworthy thing—isn't it?—like the way their President's wife simply flatly refuses to use powder or lip-salve or wave er hair, or anything foolhly feminine like that. Not to mention, of course, he whole great and glorious Pussyfoot idea, which, by the way, I hear the aforesaid Bish. is doing his very dashedest just this very moment to push, stimulate, and otherwise put across us in — Scotland of all plac s. What a hope, as the saying goes, *n'est ce-pas?*

ALL very nice, too, as aforesaid, and improving, and so on, but — well . . . Someone did say something, didn't they, about a place called Ellis Island, over on the other side? Where they hold up people from foreign parts on arrival, and have a good look at them and then, if they don't really like them, just send 'em back. Not the sort of arrangement that'd have occurred to *us* to start with, p'raps, but still, if the U.S. is being our model and exemplar and so on might, you know, quite possibly start something on the same lines over here on our own account. And then. . . .

WELL, not for me to say what'd be likely to happen or eventuate if such things should ever chance to be. But, come to think of it, just poss. there wouldn't be, anyway, *quite* so many American plays, not to mention actors, on our little British stage. Simply love 'em myself—but then you know what national prejudice is, 'specially when there's such lots of our own actors and actresses unemployed, *and* playwrights.

NOT to mention, of course, the prosperous Huns that enter from the other side, and all the other aliens that float in at present all unquestioned and unashamed. . . . Might make quite a lot of diff'rence, really, if we once started a sort of "England for the English" movement, or words to that effect. Think of it. Shall us? Oh, but I'm afraid it's really rather a lot too late now.

ALL deep in the soup, that sort of thing is, these days. When, even in our own little corner, everything's got quite topsy-turvy. As Mr. S. P. B. Mais puts it in that clever new book of his, *Prunello*, the most obvious feature of post-war England is the disappearance of caste. . . . Joan is as good as my lady, not only in the dark. . . . Money not only talks, but makes its possessors talk public school, Oxford, and King's English. . . . It gives a girl taste in frocks and makes her actually pretty. . . .

At the "Regent's Park Country Club"

EVERYTHING'S changed or is changing. *Tout passe, tout casse, tout lasse,* as the ancient saying goes. And that's the moral, too, of Sheila Kaye-Smith's wonderful latest novel, *The End of the House of Alard,* which is all staged in the Sussex she knows and loves so well. And all about the way the old order's passing and the old landowners and squires having to give up their land, however hard they may fight—'nless, of course, they form some sort of alliance with the New Rich.

TALKIN' about topsy-turvydom, admire, don't you, the way the Russians in our midst—the *emigrés,* not the mythical ones of 1914 this time—are so bravely and valiantly building up the world that has tumbled about their ears. Like Prince Andrew

of Russia, f'rinstance, the late Czar's nephew, who, with his lovely Italian wife have started—so Helen tells me—the Regent's Park Country Club in one of those lovely old houses in Hanover Gate.

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A NOVEL venture, this, which, if bravery is ever favoured by the jealous gods, should surely succeed. A Country club for London right in the heart of the West! With hard courts for lawn-tennis, a croquet lawn, a practice putting-green, *and* dancing to a new (and d'lightfully subdued) orchestra in the lovely lemon-shaded ballroom, and the most delicious dinners that the skill of a master *chef* from a *very* renowned place can prepare. The Grand Duchess Xenia, the Grand Duke Michael and Countess Torby, the Princesses of Greece, and crowds of other notabilities are members, and with an ex-Colonel of the Czar's Imperial Guard as secretary, and M. Vladimoff, the director of the famous Balalaika orchestra, to look after the music, looks like the beginnings of a new 1923 Russian *vogue* when everyone comes back to Town—what?

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RATHER pathetic picture, really, Sheila Kaye-Smith paints of her New Poor—and Proud—who talk scornfully about people that "got married on £1,000 a year, or some such pittance," and same time are always struggling desperately to keep up a sort of show they can't in the least afford. "Oh, these big country houses make me sick," cries one of 'em. "Everywhere I go I see the same thing. There's always the beautifully kept grounds, and the huge mortgaged estate that's tumbling to pieces for want of money to spend on it . . . Upstairs the bedrooms want painting and papering, but we always have two cars, though we can't afford motor traction for our land. We're falling to pieces, but we hide the cracks with pots of flowers. . . ."

"Not to mention the prosperous Huns"

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WHEREAS, if they lived in a moderate-sized house, with two or three women servants instead of butlers and things, they'd be quite well off and happy. 'Straordinary sort of world, isn't it? Where even the people who profess to despise money, somehow in the end find it makes such a lot of diff'rence to them. Makes you really quite feel as if it wouldn't be at all a bad thing—that ideal state of his—Mr. Mais talks about in his aforesaid book, where no one's allowed to have more than £2,000 a year or less than £500. And where everyone has "enough food, enough warmth, enough sleep, clean pure air, reasonable holidays, reasonable distractions, in return for doing his part in the community."

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WHICH is what they call Socialism, I s'pose, but sounds all very nice and pleasant, and 'specially for those who aren't already possessed of all the above-mentioned blessings. Like, f'rinstance, the people in the slums of Stepney, that Mr. Charles McEvoy's made such a delightful little play out of at the St. Martin's, called *The Likes of Her*.

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RATHER refreshing, by the way, to meet at last an author who isn't afraid to write about the War, *and* a management that isn't too scared to death of an (I b'lieve) rather imag'nary anti-war public, to put the play on. After all, you know, it's five years ago, nearly, since it finished. And in five years even the greatest griefs—no, they're not forgotten, p'raps even deeper than ever, but at least one can look them in the face. Begin to cherish them, humbly and proudly, and see at last the glory through the tears. And it's a glory, this War one, that it seems just a little foolish, not to say cowardly, doesn't it, to tuck *quite* so carefully away?

'SPECIALLY as they seem to be talking about the next war already, or anyway how to avoid it, if poss. "The *Entente* is hanging by a thread," says Mr. Austen Chamberlain, and Mr. Ben Tillet, the Labour man, takes the trouble to say that "we must not enter into war against France, or any other country." Against France? Unthinkable. And yet, as they've said it, all the more reason, surely, not to be afraid to recall that last Great War, when we and France fought side by side.

"Happened to have put his sporran on the wrong side"

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EMPTYISH London still these days, I'm told. With half of it still away, and the King and all the Best People busily shooting grouse and things up on the moors, comfortably attired in kilts. Which reminds me—someone talked about the Highland Light Infantry the other day, I'm told, as if it was one of the Lowland regiments. Must have been a printer's error or something, of course, seeing that the H.L.I. is the second oldest Highland regiment, and ranks next to the Black Watch.

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HAVE you heard, by the way, of the zealous and wealthy but somewhat uninstructed enthusiast of slightly alien birth who went up North to one of the big houses the other day, and appeared at breakfast in full and correct Highland costume, except that he just happened to have put his sporran on the wrong side . . . ?

With love, yours ever,

BLANCHETTE

The Lights o' Love

BY M. BUTCHER

THOSE CHANGING FLAMES

SPORT of the WEEK

As Seen by the Camera

Photograph *Central News*

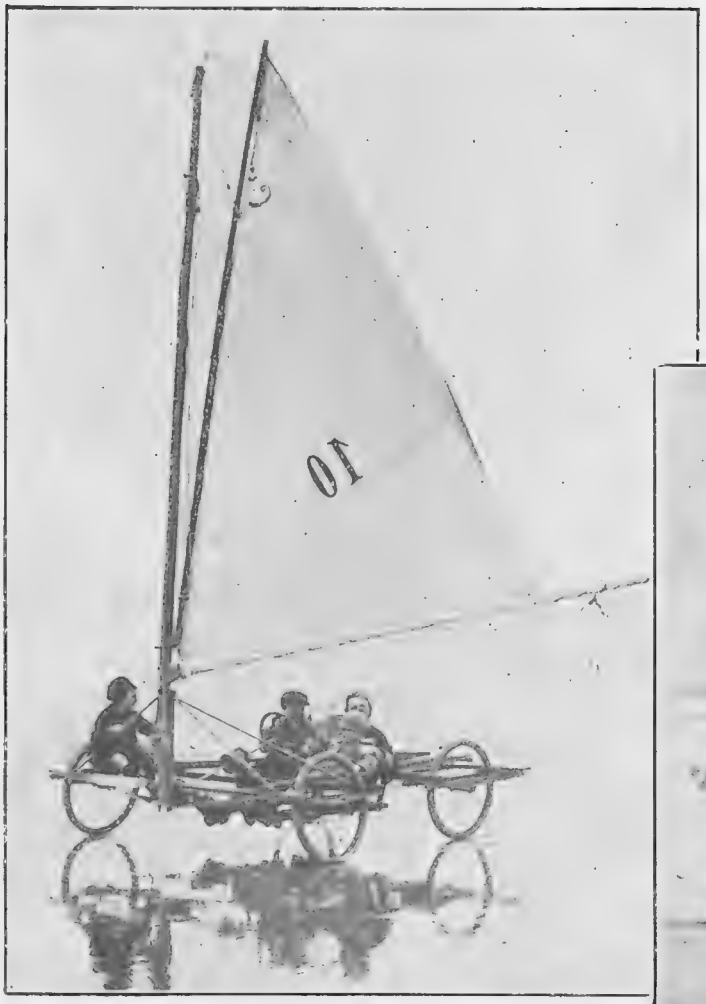
TOSSING THE CABER AT ABERFELDY

J. S. Pretie, the winner in the local competitions at the Breadalbane Highland Gathering, finishing the quaint old Scottish "toss," which is judged on its style and straightness rather than by the length of throw

Photograph *Photopress*

A CLEAN TAKE

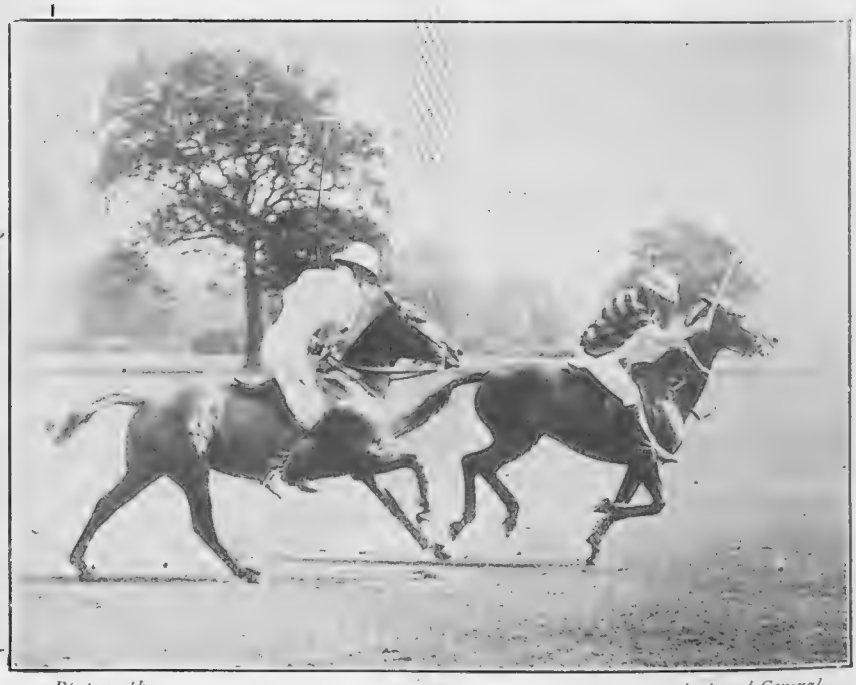
Two crack cavalrymen of the Maharajah of Jawnpore's team which gave a dashing display of tent-pegging at Southsea last week



Photograph *Central News*

THE GREAT WHITE "SAIL"

Four little Belgian children enjoying a cruising run—or should one say running cruise?—with a sand yacht at Ostend. This is a pastime much favoured at many Belgian watering places, where the firm sand and strong, steady breezes render it a safe and popular form of amusement



Photograph *Sport and General*

A RACE FOR POSSESSION

An incident during the game between Bilton Park and Hillmorton in the final for the Bilton Park Senior Cup Tournament at Rugby. Hillmorton won the match in fine style by nine goals to five

Photograph *Sport and General*

AT THE SUNBURY AMATEUR REGATTA

Miss J. Pardoe and Mr. A. H. F. Lukyn beating Miss E. Giles and Mr. Eric Giles in the final for the Mixed Double Punting Race at the successful river sports meeting recently held at Sunbury

Photograph *Sport and General*

R. H. DE MONTMORENCY

Who beat J. M. Smith by 7 and 6 in the Open Amateur Championship for the St. Andrews Town Council's Cup, in a record entry of 174

Photograph *L. N. A.*

M. W. TATE OF SUSSEX

Whose sensational bowling last week, when he captured five of "The Rest's" wickets for no runs, was the chief factor in England's five wicket win

Photograph *Topical*

THE CHAMPION COUNTY

Yorkshire's stalwart representatives, whose consistent cricket has placed them in an unassailable position on the County log. Our photograph shows: back—Leyland (left), Macaulay, Waddington, Kilner (N.), Sutcliffe and Ringrose (scorer); seated—Dolphin (left), Rhodes, E. R. Wilson, Geoffrey Wilson, Robinson and Holmes; in front—Oldroyd and Roy Kilner

RED LETTER DOG DAYS

HUMAN ASSES AND CANINE EDUCATION

By "THE KENNELMAN." *Sketches by NICOLSON*

HERE'S September of the harvest on the doorstep, so to say. Next Wednesday brings Scotland's greatest Dog Show of the year, in Auld Reekie; and exactly four weeks later comes England's biggest: the K.C.'s 62nd annual, at the Crystal Palace. Brighton's Show (350 classes) is next Wednesday; Abergavenny the next day; Maidstone the following week.

The most humane Mikado (we thank thee, great Gilbert, for richer benefactions than those of millionaires!) arranged something admirably fitting, as I remember it, in the way of penalty for the gaga folk who scribble on window-panes. He would have greatly increased its severity for those litter brothers of the mongrel breed who scrawl obscenities on walls, and write facetiously abusive letters in provincial newspapers. I suppose they're all of the same tribe. The lucubration of one such has been sent me from a Sussex watering-place. (Why are such effusions invariably full of inverted commas, by the way?) The writer's English is so muddled that, frankly, I can't be sure what his grouch is; but it seems he hates Dogs—I daresay they don't specially love him—and so is impelled to refer to them as "flea-farms," and to ladies who waste affection upon them as "gushing geysers," and, finally, to say that the only way to stop Dog nuisances is to "Stop the Dogs."

Well, well, under our existing laws I would not take it upon myself to recommend the forcible and final "stopping" of even such lamentable fellows as this; but why print their exudations? Compare the dribbling mentality of such gentry with the minds of, say, the average Foxhound, Setter, Bloodhound, Pointer, Retriever, Sheep-dog, or going-to-earth Terrier. Understandingly carried out, such comparisons would be truly educational and helpful to human modesty.

Anything called a "Dog nuisance," by the way—howling or barking at night, and that sort of thing—ought to be put down with a firm hand by every friend of Dogs, if only because it mostly arises out of cruelty to Dogs. There are other kinds; mostly due to human slackness or neglect. Don't be in a hurry to think them unavoidable. In passing, consider: Every day, I exercise quite a pack of Hounds and Dogs, some of 'em not yet out of whelphood. And not a single one of the lot ever misuses a footpath or pavement. Incidentally, I carry no whip or stick. On my honour, the needed tuition has been all word of mouth, and next to no trouble. The result, which pleases me much, is within the reach of every Dog owner; and I think it a duty we owe to all pedestrians for whom the pavements are made; and, yes, to Dogs themselves, who thus are spared from innocently earned contumely; such as is justly earned, if you like, by humans who expectorate on pavements, or in print.

"THE MOST HUMANE MIKADO".

Isn't it extremely interesting to learn that next month as ever was the L.C.C. starts a course of lectures at an Eltham school on the care of Dogs, "including Greyhounds and Wolfhounds; the fee being 3s."? Decency forbids that you should say "Why Eltham?" or make any other such small comment. For me, I offer only salaams, thanks and congratulations to the L.C.C., and trust the Eltham example will presently inspire a thousand other places.

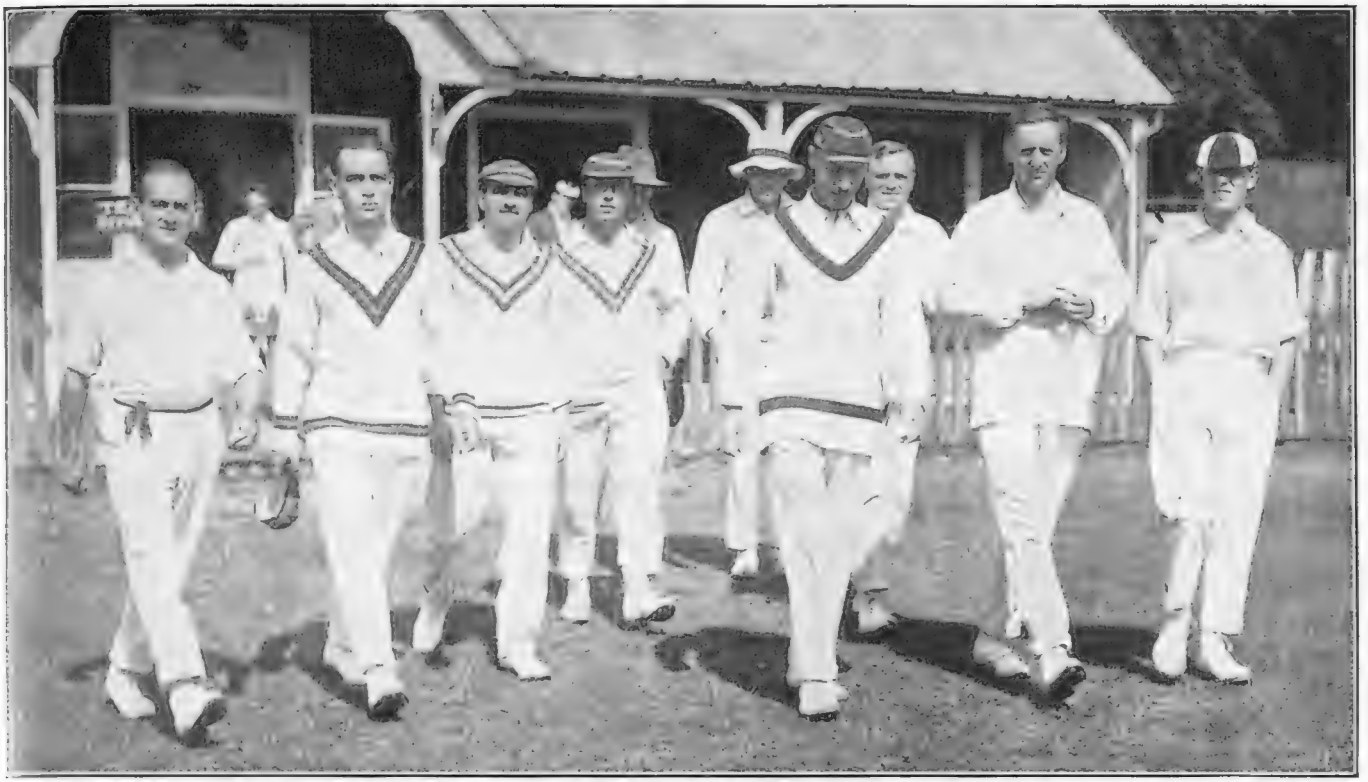
A correspondent writes: "What *can* be done with the sort of woman-fancier—a woman, mind!—who, charged with the slow and cruel murder of a puppy by sending it on a 300-miles journey in a box shorter than itself, pleads by way of defence that she has been equally cruel before? It seems the victim does not always die! Fines will never teach such people." Possibly not. To my mind the logical move is to bring pressure to bear on the railway companies to get them to adopt a hard and fast regulation: No boxed Dog accepted for transport save and except in a regulation type of Dog box or hamper, which must be opened and inspected before booking; dimensions must, of course, exceed those of the Dog.

Next time you hear of a forthcoming Hound Puppy Show, book it as an engagement. They beat cinemas and theatres and "functions," to a frazzle. The pups themselves are fascinating, and you get the good folk who have walked the puppies, too; and they're often worth meeting, I can assure you. The annual Puppy Show of the Duke of Beaufort's Hunt, at Badminton, was one of the best things of this year's Dog Days.

Sorry to seem discourteous to a number of kind readers, but the therapeutic—rather a boss word, that!—treatment of internal parasites cannot be set forth in detail here. Space, and its lord, the Editor, forbid. I am doing, and will do, all I can *by post*, very clearly recognising the vital importance of the subject, and the immense canine loss due to inadequate and incorrect treatment. A *pukka* authority is Mr. R. E. Nicholas, of Bitterne Park, Hants. Send stamped addressed envelope with inquiry. For grown Dogs you will not beat the Areca Nut-Santonin-Castor-Oil treatment; for young pups, the Ruby Remedy.

The Schipperke—shall be described at first opportunity; an admirable little Dog. Mr. T. Leonard Bott, of Donnington Wood, Newport, Salop, is an authority on the breed.

Authors and Cricketers Too



Photograph *Central News*

THE OLD BROUGHTONIANS TAKE THE FIELD

The team, which is composed entirely of well-known authors, going out to field against Newbury during their recent cricket tour. Mr. Ralph Straus, who rolls our literary log every week, is seen third from the left. The wicket-keeper, who does not appear in the group, is probably engaged in a little unprofessional "padding"

Photographs

WAUGH, THE DESTROYER

Mr. Alec Waugh, whose book "The Loom of Youth" first won him fame, bent on destroying the hopes of the opposing batsmen

Alfieri

HEADS—OR TALES?

Mr. Clifford Bax, captain of the Old Broughtonians, shuts his eyes to the prospect of losing the toss

RACING NOTIONS

BY "CARBINE"

Will Papyrus Go?

I AM wondering whether all this talk about a match between Papyrus and the pick of the American three-year-olds is likely to come to anything. At first, high-brow folk scouted the notion that an Epsom Derby winner would be sent to race in the States, but you can take it from me that Mr. Ben Irish has not been disposed to dismiss the idea without consideration. He does not come out racing very often, and I have not had a chance of discussing the matter with him, but I met Basil Jarvis at Stockton, and he was then rather under the impression that Mr. Irish was inclined to accept the challenge from the U.S.A. American sporting writers love anything with an international flavour, and apparently they have been boosting this suggested match for all they are worth. I read with interest one quotation from the U.S.A. announcing that the English Jockey Club has definitely decided to send Papyrus across the Atlantic! This is a decidedly comic touch, and must make Mr. Irish wonder where he comes in.

A Tempting Bait

I MUST admit that my original impulse is to view the prospects of such a match with profound scepticism, but perhaps I am too much swayed by the fact that nothing of the sort has ever been done before. It is said that the prize to the winner would be £20,000 and to the second £5,000. This is obviously tempting, and it will be interesting to see whether Mr. Irish will eventually decide to run the risk of getting his colt badly beaten, even with such an exceptional bait. Meanwhile, it is by no means certain that Papyrus is the best three-year-old in England. He needs to set the seal on his fame by winning the St. Leger.

Tees-side Sport

STOCKTON races went with a good swing last week. It was Mr. "Dick" Dawson's day out on the opening afternoon, and the Whatcombe trainer is to be congratulated upon picking up three races in four attempts, especially as the animals he won with were decidedly moderate. I never expected to see Bold Danby win a £1,000 weight-for-age event over a course of thirteen furlongs. Sure enough, the unexpected happened at Stockton, but it was melancholy to see Roger de Busli, who showed such smart form in the spring, curl up abjectly in the Great Northern Leger. The Wynyard Plate yielded a delightful race, the dead-heat between Equator and Sunstone being one of the genuine tit-bits of the meeting. It was quite a triumph for Mrs. Arthur James to have bred both of the dead-heaters. Sir Delves Broughton secured one of the bargains of his racing career when he picked up Equator for only 290 guineas as a yearling. It shows that you can still secure grand prizes at the sale ring if you exercise good judgment and are favoured with a bit of luck. Yes; you cannot do without the luck.

Smirke's Fine Effort

ON the second day we saw a remarkably good bit of riding on the part of Smirke. It would have been quite pardonable if the young Epsom jockey had failed to get the better of Joe Childs in a close finish, but Smirke fairly excelled himself. I do not remember a race in which the winning jockey came in for so much spontaneous praise. After the success of Colossus everybody in ring and paddock appeared to be exclaiming to each other "What a good race young Smirke rode!" Stockton is one of Mr. Solly Joel's happy meetings. This owner's luck is much brighter in the second half of the season than it was in the first.

The Ebor

THERE looks like being lots of first-rate racing this week at York, whose August meeting is invariably one of the most enjoyable of the whole season. The Ebor Handicap on Wednesday is sure to be a big success. Dobson Peacock informed me last week that Carpathus would not run if the ground was on the hard side, but in the meantime I expect they have had rain on the Knavesmire, and one can readily understand that this is a race which the Middleham trainer would dearly like to win. If the conditions are favourable to him I believe Carpathus will make a big effort to repeat his Northumberland Plate success. Of the others I hold a high opinion of Sir Abe Bailey's mare, Bessema, and she should get into the first three if representing her stable here. Irish Belfry is much fancied, but in my effort to spot the winner I shall go for CARPATHUS or BESSEMA.

York Attractions

ACCORDING to intentions at the time of writing, Papyrus is to run for the Duke of York Stakes, and this will be a race well worth seeing if he is opposed by Concertina. The Derby winner will have to give Lord Astor's filly no less than 20 lb., and though I am a great admirer of Papyrus, my faith in him will be considerably strengthened if he accomplishes this very stiff task. I shall, in fact, select **Concertina** to beat him. On the concluding day weight is not likely to stop **Sicyon** if he is sent for the Harewood Handicap, and in his absence HUNTING SONG may win. **Doric** should win the Great Yorkshire Stakes, and if **Diophon** runs for the "Gimcrack" I shall not look beyond him for the winner of that historic race.

Sport and General

GETTING INTO FIGHTING TRIM

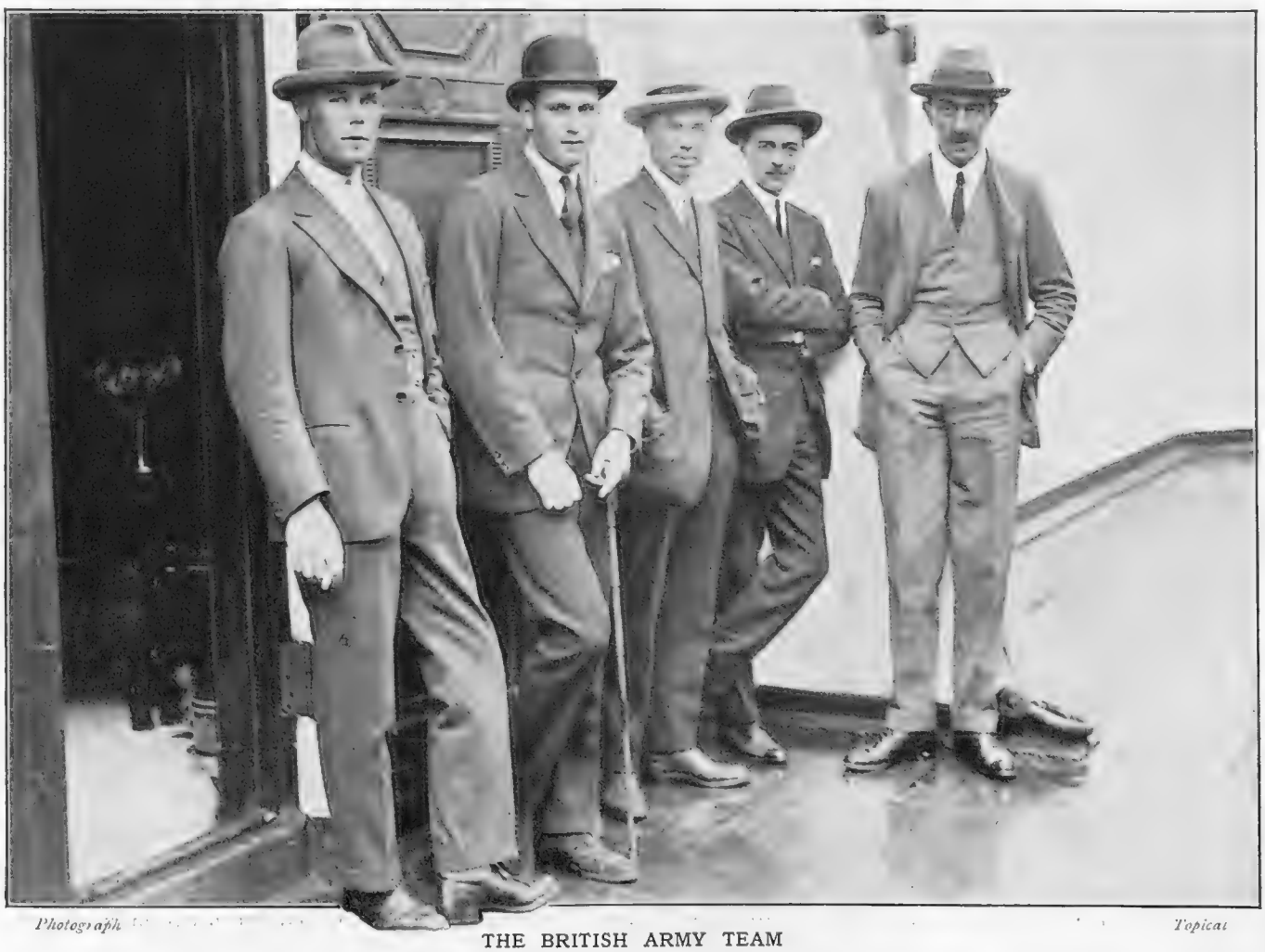
The Belvoir pack out for a run, in preparation for the coming season

Seeking the New World to Conquer

Photograph *W. A. Rouch*

THE TRIUMPHANT TIGERS

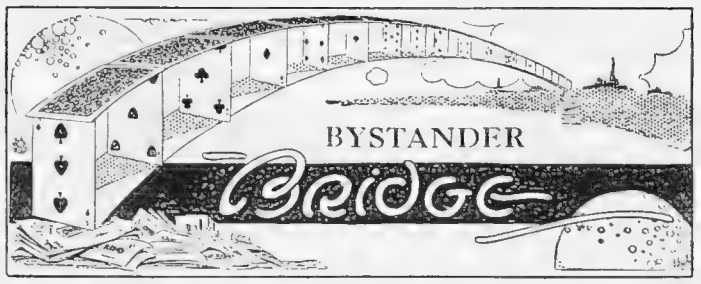
Our old friends the Tigers, who, having won fresh laurels on the polo fields of this country, have now sailed for the States, where they will doubtless achieve further triumphs. The group includes (left) Count J. de Madre, Major Jaswant Singh, Major E. G. Atkinson and Col. Jagindar Singh



Photograph *Topical*

THE BRITISH ARMY TEAM

The polo representatives of the Army photographed on board the Mauretania on the eve of their departure for America, where they are to play the American Army team and many of the best club teams. In the group are (left) Capt. J. G. Leaf, Mr. W. S. McCreery, Major F. B. Hurndall, Col. T. P. Melvill, Major V. Lockett



BY A. E. MANNING FOSTER

"CUT-THROAT" BRIDGE

"WHY on earth did you do it?" asked a player, in pained tones, after his partner had made a bad call and lost 500 points.

"I just felt like it, my dear sir, Just felt like it. That's all."

. . . .

How very human! At Bridge, as in life, we most of us know better than we do. If we always followed reason, always called soundly and played correctly, we might win more money, but should we have so much fun? I doubt it.

. . . . . .

It is rather jolly to do foolish things sometimes. I must confess that I do not always rigidly follow my own principles and precepts. Occasionally a little demon of recklessness seizes me. I cast care to the winds and indulge in a wild gamble.

. . . . . .

If it comes off, as now and then it does, either through the lucky lie of the cards or opponents' bad play, my partner looks pleased and considers I have done something brilliant. But if it goes wrong, as it more often does, my partner is terribly shocked and sometimes very angry.

. . . . . .

There are some partners who make one feel reckless. They are so smug, so solid, so self-satisfied, so filled with unctuous rectitude. One takes a diabolical pleasure in giving them shocks.

. . . . . .

Of course it is very wrong, and I do not seriously defend giving way to impulse. One should consider one's partner always. If you get into a mood when you feel you can't, you had much better play "Skip." At the three-handed game you can gamble as much as you like. You have no partner to reckon with. You can call wildly, or you can call canny or indulge in any funny, fancy tricks you please.

As a gamble, for three players, few games equal "Skip." It is rather savage. You pile up enormous scores. As a rule, one of the three is the "victim" and not necessarily the worst player of the three. A bad run at four-handed Bridge is punishing enough. But it is a mere flea-bite to a bad run at "Skip" or "Cut-Throat" as it is often called.

. . . . . .

It is an uncannily fascinating game, and I know many players who are so addicted to it that they will play nothing else. It yields them all the sensations and thrills they desire. I know men who are no good at the regular game who do remarkably well at "Cut-Throat".

. . . . . .

While, of course, the game is mainly a gamble, I do not mean that skill does not come into it. There is wide scope for judgment both of men and cards. Success attends the agile player who knows how and when to vary his methods. The stolid rule-of-thumb player has not a chance. Sometimes it is well to sit tight on a good hand, and sometimes it is advisable to plunge on a bad one.

. . . . . .

The usual method is for the dealer to open with a bid of "two no trumps," even on a weak hand, on the principle that whatever good cards he finds in dummy will help to establish his indifferent lot. His bid has the advantage, if he is undoubled, of putting up second caller to "three no trumps" or three of a suit, when third hand may possibly be able to double to the advantage of the dealer.

. . . . . .

The advantage of a blind bid of "two no trumps" has been so fully recognised that in order to deter the bidding of it on rubbish, in some clubs a rule has been made to fine the dealer an extra hundred points if he fails on an initial call of it.

. . . .

Another variation now widely played is the dealing of the first four cards "blind," face down to the middle of the table, the remaining forty-eight cards being distributed as four twelve-card hands. The first declarer, before examining his dummy, looks at the four blind cards and distributes them as he wishes, one to himself, one to dummy and one to each adversary. This variation gives still more spirit to the bidding and adds to its uncertainty. The power to distribute from unseen cards in whatever manner he desires may be of immense advantage to the declarer.

THE MIRROR UP TO NATURE By WARING CAVENAGH

MRS. NEWRICH: "Jenkins, I won't have bobbed trees—it's going out of fashion"

Repelling the "Robot" Invasion—The Army Manœuvres

AT ZERO—
Infantry going over the top at the appearance of the fences it appears as correct range of

—PLUS ONE
Army manoeuvres. From the healthy if the enemy had not yet found the the trenches

Photographs *G. P. U.*

SIGNALLERS AT THEIR FAVOURITE PASTIME

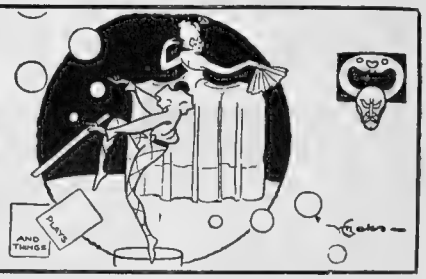
The 9th Pack Battery Signallers, complete with mules (G.S.) and other impedimenta of war, establishing communication between the F.O. Post and the guns. Tin hats have been quite *de rigueur* in Sussex lately. Inset: Major-General E. P. Strickland, the G.-O.-C. 2nd Division, Colonel Legge and Lieutenant Mackenzie (in tartan trews, naturally) looking for winners—of the Army manoeuvres

A BARRIE "VAMP"

Miss Marie Hemingway, who takes the part of Lady Sybil Tenterden, a Barrie "vamp"—subtly different this from the *femme* variety, though with the essentials delightfully and femininely the same—in the successful revival of "What Every Woman Knows" at the Apollo. This delicious comedy recently registered its century—"not out"

IN THE SPOT LIME

BY ELECTRICS.



I DON'T know whether it was because of my insisting, last week, that *What Every Woman Knows* dealt with the fundamentals and stood, therefore, with plays like it, as for all time, or whether it was because he was a friend of the theatre Press manager—I don't know which "because" it was that prompted the Rev. Clarence May, of St. Thomas's, Regent Street, immediately to plaster Shaftesbury Avenue—and the part of it around the Apollo especially—with handbills that announced his intention "to preach on the eternal truths hidden behind Sir J. M. Barrie's whimsical play."

ANYWAY, the Rev. Clarence so plastered, and it seemed to be a sign of the times—one of the biggest proofs of the close association of Church and Stage that we've ever had.

BY now the sermon will have been preached; by now the Rev. Clarence will have driven the devil away with one hand and filled, as it were, the coffers of the Apollo with the other. One can only hope that he now takes a percentage of the gross receipts for Church Expenses—or, to say the least of it, that he has been refunded the price of the stall in which he received his inspiration. If he hasn't, then Godfrey Tearle must surely subscribe to the next parish outing; Hilda Trevelyan must take the girls' sewing class for a picnic; loud-voiced John Kelt must read the lessons. . . .

AT any moment, now, I expect to have a handbill thrust into my hand as I pass the—well, let's say the Criterion Theatre to begin with. . . .

ANDRE CHARLOT found he had a "number" in *London Calling!* (the revue he is not necessarily putting on as a tribute to the British Broadcasting Company), but no principal available to sing it. So he called his chorus together and asked for candidates. Five offered themselves, learned and sang the "number"—and Winifred Satchel duly won on points. Winifred Satchel will sing the "number" in *London Calling!* with name in the programme and all the status, for the time being, of a regular "star."

Photographs *Mabel Robey*

"LONDON CALLING" HER FROM "RATS"

Miss Gertrude Laurence who will be one of the principals in "London Calling!" the forthcoming Charlot revue at the Duke of York's. Miss Laurence—who in private life is Mrs. Walter Williams—is at present appearing in "Rats," the Vaudeville revue

THIS now, really deserves writing about—if only because of its tragic rarity—this genuine case of somebody getting a CHANCE—somebody utterly unknown, like Winifred Satchel—Winifred Satchel, who may rise to heaven knows *what* heights on the strength of "Battersea Blues," "Velveteen Violet"—or whatever the "number" turns out to be called.

Don't pass this lightly by. Its like may never occur again in *our* time.

THERE'S rumour of a revival of *The Limpet*—and I hope the rumour's founded. I wonder, now, if you've ever heard of *The Limpet*? A farcical comedy, produced last summer at the Kingsway Theatre, and one of the funniest—rightly said most critics—seen on the stage for years and years. But about threepence-ha'penny was spent on advertising its presence—so it just fluttered away. Some six people knew it was there—and five of those were on the river, or at the seaside—or too hot to tramp to Great Queen Street, wherever *that* may be. . . .

I RECENTLY saw one of our £100 "star" musical comedy actresses (not so long ago she was helping her mother with the fish and chips at Brixton) snub, and snub most horribly, a clever, highly trained youth who wanted to interview her (on a quite serious topic, not one involving her favourite tooth paste or her opinion of mud baths as aids to beauty), that he might earn an honest couple of guineas.

THEN I drew the lad aside and whispered: "Never mind. Yours is a far nobler calling. But you're not a 'star' in it yet. Till you are, just take this sort of thing in the deep-down-there spirit that a British 'Tommy' would employ for himself when a much bemedalled Admiral of the Fleet of the Ruritanian Navy (one gunboat and two tugs) had reprimanded him for failure to salute."

He went away consoled.

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The Literary Log

ROLLED BY RALPH STRAUS

As a general rule I would say that a study of mentally-abnormal people is not suited to a novel. If you are interested in the subject, there are scores of psychological journals and medical books which will keep you posted in the latest experiments and theories. Why, then, drag the unfortunate subject into fiction? A madman may be necessary to your plot, but at least you need not enlarge upon the course of his mental degeneration. At the same time, I admit that it is difficult to know where a line should be drawn. Nothing, for instance, is more popular than the analysis of a great criminal's mind, while a tale of double personality or an "inherited" fear is never considered illegitimate. And, of course, there is always the question: How has it been done?

✲

In the case of Miss E. M. Delafield's new book, *A Reversion to Type* (Hutchinson: 7*s.* 6*d.* net), the thing has been done so exceedingly well that nobody would think of objecting to the theme. Objection to the title itself might be taken on the grounds that the "type" in question is, psychologically speaking, doubtful, although the unfortunate youngster, who is supposed to be reverting, is, psychologically speaking, a clear case. All this, however, does not matter very much, because the story is so charmingly and so cunningly told.

You will really be thrilled by this novel, though melodrama plays in it no more than the tiniest part. Briefly, it tells of a woman, not of gentle birth, who has married into a "county" family, and has a son who is its probable heir. The family wishes the boy to be prepared for the usual public school and University career, but his mother knows that he is in no way fitted for it. Somehow and somewhence, there has come to this boy of hers a horror, whose extent she only gradually fathoms. Young Cecil cannot speak the truth. To make himself out rather more interesting than he is, he lies, and not even when cold proof of his lie is forthcoming will he admit it. And much the same thing happens at games. To increase his own importance he will cheat. Finally, at Cambridge, he is found to have stolen sporting trophies, upon which he has had his own name and alleged exploits engraved.

✲

A wretched creature, he is, well known to the psychologists, but not usually very interesting to the layman. In Miss Delafield's hands, however, he is a tragic figure, and that one long and most dreadful battle which his poor mother is fighting on his behalf haunts you by its very insistence. It is all so real and vivid that the horror itself is forgotten, and you only remember that Miss Delafield has given you one of the most poignant studies of mother-love ever written.

✲

As a railway companion "Sapper" may be considered ideal. You know that he will take you out of your dull, commonplace corner into a world that is bright with wonders and thrills. You know that although the most amazing things will happen to his hero, they will be the sort of thing that would have to happen to him in what is called real life. He — the hero — may be stronger than Hercules, more beautiful than Carpentier or Owen Nares, more cunning than Sherlock Holmes, but you will never refuse to believe in him, or fail to adore him. And so it will be with *Jim Maitland* (Hodder and Stoughton: 7*s.* 6*d.* net). Jim is one of those supermen who turn up in all sorts of unlikely places — Yokohama or Punta Arenas or Colombo, or somewhere—at exactly the right moment; I mean, in time to rescue a damsel from some hideous villain, or slaughter a spy, or neatly upset the plans of a gang of iniquitous scoundrels. Jim is really immense, and these stories about him — only a first instalment, I hope — are told in "Sapper's" best manner.

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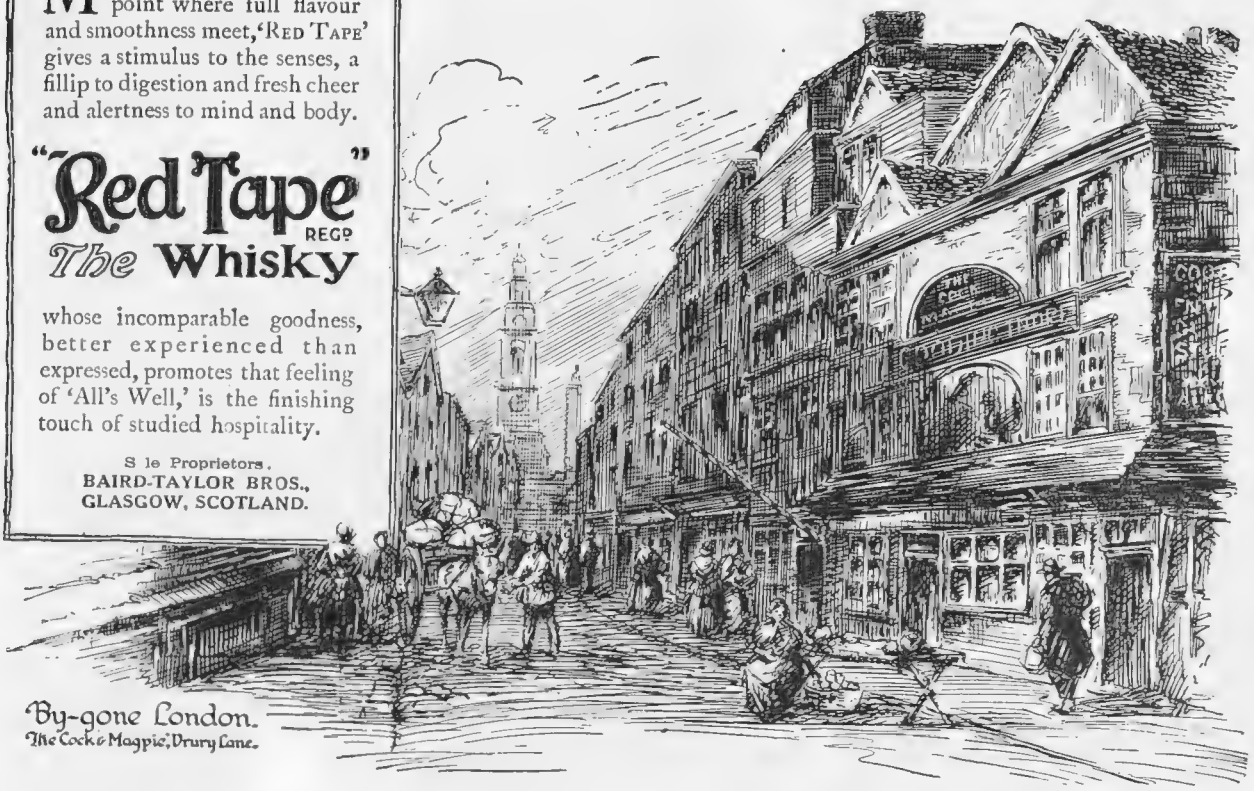

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G.B.4

Thought *versus* Habit

When you stop to think about your shaving soap isn't it obvious that you ought to have a soap which—

Softens the beard very quickly,
Holds the hairs erect so the razor cuts them instead of sliding over,
Acts as lotion to make the face look good and feel good after shaving.

Does the soap you're using now do all these things for you?

You're using that soap from habit. Now that you're thinking about the matter why not decide to try Palmolive Shaving Cream—the kind that does for you all that a shaving soap ought to do.

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P86.E.

"What Every Woman Knows"

BY LAURIE TAYLER

DIRTY WEATHER ROUND THE "NEEDLES"

Femina

I WONDER . . .

By "CANDIDA"

WHEN you're away on your holiday you've time at last to reflect on things. It's a mistake; life that's not reflected on is so much pleasanter to live. For when you're driven to the why and wherefores it's good-bye for ever to the cabbage existence which the doctor people tell us is essential now and then to restore our frayed-out nerves. A counsel of perfection, if ever there was one! How can you be alive to facts and fancies nearly all the year round, and then fizzle out mentally like a spent squib? Brains don't strike work just because you've gone on a holiday. On the contrary In the rush of trying to get things done there's no time for anything except the business of the grindstone. But when you're away, and there aren't a million things to attend to and another million to anticipate, then you're apt to wonder . . . and wonder . . . a process which is fatal to the cabbage existence.

AT this hotel, where the sea glints in at the open window, a vast sheet of silver-shot azure, and white sails decoratively dot the horizon, the men may wonder a bit sometimes, when they are not playing golf, but the women hardly ever, I imagine. They've provided themselves with bags of formidable dimensions out of which they extract great woolly things on knitting needles and crochet hooks and calm settles down upon them. A baleful invention is the knitting habit! I know of nothing more stultifying to one's intelligence than to add row upon row to the bit of endlessness that calls itself a frock. The golden afternoon succeeds the silver morning; purple twilight creeps in the wake of a perfect day, but you care nothing for their beauty as you sit "purling," whatever that may be, or "counting stitches," or "casting on." It's the centuries of weaving and embroidering tapestries and things which have made us into the passive, unawakened and, until lately, unrepresented creatures that we are, or were. And now that the caterpillar crawl that we called life is over at last it would be amusing, if it weren't tragic, to see so many of us making straight for the old rut once again. Click, click, click, you can't think anything out coherently. Click, click, the old world sinks into a sleepy sub-conscious torpor, and you're hardly aware that you've got brain-cells.

MY domestic education has been neglected. I don't knit, and I was thinking—thinking how man, the monarch of all he surveys, is distinguished from the rest of creation by his cult of the horrors. All the animals, birds and things, aim at living pleasantly. We don't. If there were no pain we'd have invented it all right. We specialize in martyrdoms, and our mission in life is to make it more unlivable every day.

THEY began it last century when they invented railways and telegraph systems, and we have gone one better with motors, telephones, aeroplanes and the rest. All this is supposed to add enormously to the comfort of existence, but I wonder. . . Ask the nerve specialists; they tell you another story. But the triumph of the cult was its attack on the age-long traditions of art which was invented solely to please. Nowadays it's an instrument of torture which shocks, arrests, does anything except flatter and soothe. Look at the latest portraits. Your face comes out so full of "character" that there can be no question of your gracious curves and lovely colouring. The best artist people see everything in cubes, in spheres, in squares, or in triangles; even your face, certainly the landscape. I needn't add that the new music and poetry are both equally "cubistic." You can, of course, guard against shocks by not reading the poetry, but the music is not so easily disposed of. At any harmless function you may drift into and be violently assaulted by the showers of discords so dear to the heart of the last thing in Russian composers.

DANCING was left to us, and the reason for everybody's enthusiasm is that so little pleasure survives in anything else. Alas! It is being turned from a delightful pastime into a serious business. The people who really dance, dance all day for hours on end, and in America a misguided creature who kept it up for thirty or more, was finally removed to a lunatic asylum. But I forget. . . . I'm on a holiday. I'll cease wondering and take to knitting.

Photograph *Eva Barrett*

A VIOLINIST OF NOTE

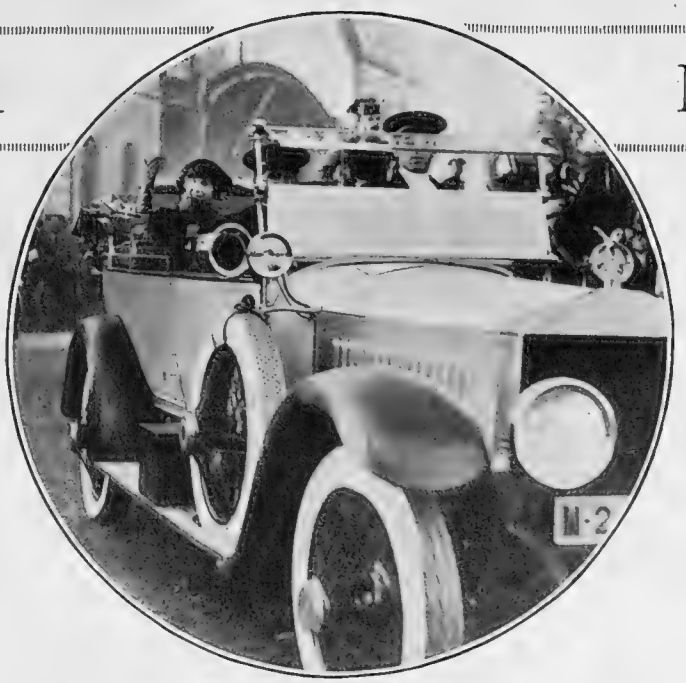
Vivien Chartres (Mrs. Arthur Lindsay Burns), who is at present staying in Milan with her husband. Born in Italy, she achieved a big reputation when still a child, and after spending some time among the Texas wilds, returned to renew her former musical triumphs in Europe

Photograph *Vandyk*

A BRIDE-TO-BE

The Hon. Venetia, youngest daughter of the late Lord Digby and the Dowager Lady Digby, who is to marry Lieut. O. W. Cornwallis, O.B.E., R.N. She has recently been appointed Lady-in-Waiting to Lady Forster, wife of the Governor-General of Australia

MOTOR NOTES



IN OLD MADRID

Her Majesty the Queen of Spain driving through the Streets of Madrid in the Rolls-Royce belonging to the Marques de Urquijo

BEFORE the touring motorist gets back home from his holidays the motor-manufacturer will be making a start on his 1924 models. Not that he is going to make me dissatisfied with my present mount, which, but for an internal fracture of the oil-gauge, has behaved without a fault ever since it has been on the road—over 6,000 odd miles. Honestly, I do not think the alterations for the coming new motor-year cars will be great. Makers find they can improve small details which the preceding twelvemonth's toll of the road has discovered. Otherwise, beyond a radical change such as brakes on the front wheels, as well as on the rear wheel hubs, little may be expected in the way of novelty.

* * *

WITH marine motors and river motor craft shortly to be on view at Olympia, followed by the "pleasure" car show in Paris and our own motor-carriage exhibition at Olympia, writers on motor matters are chary in prophecy as to new models. This is understandable, as the new goods will soon be exposed before the public at such exhibitions. At the same time, there are signs that the trade is endeavouring to settle down to a standard model in order to stop too great a depreciation of the existing 1923 cars, and to cheapen manufacture by dispensing with the need for fresh patterns, new jigs and the like. Consequently, while our makers are not seriously altering their present models for 1924, they are yet endeavouring to perfect their equipment. Rear screens for the protection of the passengers in the back seats in the open touring car, windscreen-wipers of a mechanical or hand-operated character for the front windscreen, shock-absorbers on springs and spring gaiters, together with wider and roomier seats, these practically sum up the improvements to be expected. These additional comforts are to be given without increasing the cost of the cars, and in some cases are given with even lower prices.

MR. HAMILTON M. HOBSON, the President of the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders, partnered by that cheery sportsman, Mr. J. G. Reece, of Manchester, recently won the *Motor* Goblets of the Automobile Golfing Society at the last of this club's competitions this year at the Neasden Golf Club's course with the phenomenal score of 64 net. This is an excellent start for his year in office, as I expect when the autumn arrives "Hobby" will have little leisure to indulge in golf or anything else outside the affairs of the official motor trade. Few of the public realise how hard-worked is the President of the S.M.M.T., as every private Bill, as well as other projected measures, have to receive his close scanning so that Parliament does not wrongly interfere with the motor-using public's rights. This in addition, mark you, to other work for the benefit of the trade itself.

* * *

KENT, when Sir Henry Maybury was one of its chief road surveyors, justly gained prominence for its improved roads. Recently it came into the public eye for its new London to Maidstone and Gravesend to Stroud roads, which were opened officially a few weeks ago by Mrs. Wilfrid Ashley. As these roads are 100 feet wide they look most imposing and suggest the reason why our contemporary, the *Motor*, is urging that a white line should be permanently embedded in the centre of such roads to mark the limits of travel of the opposing traffic. Yet if all traffic is to use only one half of the road travelling in one direction some of the objects of increasing the road-width will be defeated. Yet there is much to support this idea at danger points, for I presume there will always be idiotic drivers and dangerous ignoramuses of road manners, even if our roads are as wide as the ocean. Fools will try and pass at corners and bends when they should wait for a clear view of at least 100 yards ahead of the vehicle to be passed. But one cannot legislate for that class of motor-driver, anyhow.

* * *

FROM August 31 to September 22 the exhibition of Engineering, Shipping and Machinery will be held at Olympia, at which all types of marine motor engines, motor-boats, wireless sets and electrical appliances will be on view, besides other engineering sections of general interest. A motor cruiser is the cheapest form of house to buy and least costly to run, for it is exempt from rates and taxes and pays but a small sum in mooring fees. Therefore, those young folk who like a life afloat should not fail to visit this exhibition. One can moor off the Chelsea Embankment and live in London cheaper this way than any other that I know. Besides, there is the ease of shifting to other waters when the wanderlust strikes the occupants. Also, it seems to solve the servant question, as one can always get good "paid hands" who can cook, valet and generally do the work without any trouble at no great cost. Probably less than ordinary domestics, if all the tales my wife's friends pour into her ears are true.

* * *

ARE we changing our old driving slogans nowadays as the result of the ever-increasing traffic? Personally, I think so, as it used to be a test of good driving to use the horn or other road warning signal as little as possible. Nowadays, one is supposed to sound the horn when approaching every bend, corner, or street abutting the road that is being travelled on. The result is an increased pandemonium, which is being objected to by those who remember the old driving rule of "use the horn sparingly." Yet, however well a pilot of a car may drive on the throttle, if he has not given a warning signal of his presence on the road, and a wild and careering cyclist crashes into him by coming out of a side street, the Law in all its majesty blames the motorist, and bleeds him accordingly. So what can you do to please all parties? OLD HY.

WHEN THE FIAT GOES FORTH

The new Fiat 10-15 h.p. model de luxe which has just been placed on the market. It seats two people (or three if mother insists on coming too!) and with its excellent body-work and finish is moderately priced at £460

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In this service, there is no choosing of favourable conditions. Day in and day out, year in and year out, summer and winter, the transport of foodstuffs must go on, and time is the essence of the contract.

In this service, the motor car has practically superseded the horse and the railroad, as the aeroplane will probably succeed both. That old law—the survival of the fittest—will determine this, but at the present time, and by the operation of the same law,

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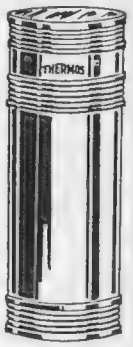
ICE CREAM JARS

It was fearfully hot up-river, but at lunch-time the ice cream was quite firm and cold. They took it in a THERMOS Ice Cream Jar, and it came out as solid as it went in, despite the broiling sun. A THERMOS Ice Cream Jar is just as useful in winter, too, for keeping soups, etc., piping hot. In fact, invaluable all year round—but a real blessing these hot days.



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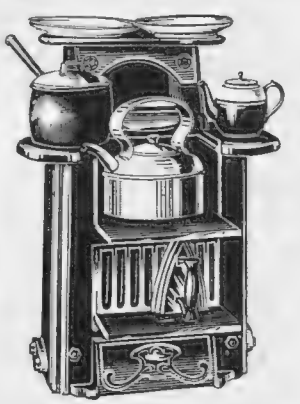

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just spread it on as it comes from the tube — wait a few minutes —rinse it off — and the hair is gone as if by magic.

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GREENHOUSE.	ft. in. ft. in. ft. in.	GARAGE	ft. in. ft. in. ft. in.
No. 1 Boiler,	11 0 x 11 0 x 8 0	No. 1 Boiler	20 0 20 0 x 10
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ATTRACTIVE SHIRT (as sketch) made in heavy quality crepe with adaptable collar, cut on becoming lines. Ivory only.

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FOR YOUNG LADIES

Many ladies experience the greatest difficulty in finding really attractive and well-cut clothes for their children. If in despair they decide to have them made specially to order, they find that their children's clothes are just as expensive as their own and, moreover, in adapting a grown up model the effect is absolutely spoilt. The Manageress of our Juvenile Department has made a lifelong study of this difficult problem, and has produced an infinite variety of clothes for Children and Young Ladies, in perfect taste, excellently cut from high grade materials on practical lines at moderate prices.

YOUNG LADIES' STREET COAT (as sketch) in wool velour, with slight gaugings on hips, and fastening over on one side with ornament, the collar and cuffs are finished with sets of cordings. In many good colours.

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EXCEPTIONAL VALUE
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Hosiery Dept. Ground Floor

Pure Silk Milanese two-piece set, *full cut, finished hemstitching, good wearing and very easily laundered, in White, Pink, Mauve, Sky, Lemon or Black. Vest opera shape with ribbon shoulder straps.*

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Knickers, *wide legs with elastic at waist,* ***15/6***

The same style can be supplied in heavy super quality, an ideal weight for autumn wear. Vest having elastic at underarms to ensure perfect fitting, ***19/9***

Knickers *to match,* ***23/9***

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LINGERIE THAT IS NOT
COLOUR-BLIND

Colour—the sun's gift to earth—is more than beauty. If you have ever made yourself temporarily colour-blind with smoke-coloured spectacles, so that all the world looks rainy and grey, you know how cheerfulness depends on colour, and how sensible is the fashion for coloured lingerie fulfilled in

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The Beautiful Lawn for Beautiful Lingerie

Tamborina Lawn in 26 shades (42 inches wide) and Tamborina Nainsook in 17 shades (40 inches wide), both at 1/6½ a yard, satisfy the desire for colour, and the *right* colour. You find in them, as in nothing else, the ideal shade for your personality and temperament.

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Free Patterns of all shades will be sent on request

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Fashion's Fancies

By MRS. JACK MAY

Slaves to Fashion

UNIFORM dressing, which has been, and is still, such an obsession with the Parisian, is, to a large extent, being adopted over here. By uniform dressing I mean the cult, if so it can be called, of wearing certain types of costumes and wrap-coats in the street. Not to be dressed exactly like one's neighbour in Paris almost amounts to a heinous offence; anyway, the delinquents are looked upon askance, altogether without the pale of recognition. The vogue, whatever it is, may, perchance, merely last a month or a few weeks, but while it is in favour, wear it we must. A significant example in the Gay City last autumn was the apron tunic, now familiar enough over here. These were to be met at every boulevard corner, some plain, others *plissé*, round, square, but always aproned and tied on round the waist like a housemaid's.

The short, loose coatee, drawn into a deep belt, was another craze, and just at the moment the gay-coloured loose coat is worn with a white skirt. The American woman is a real slave to fashion, as witness the persistent little small fur necklet. During the hottest days, and we have had a few, nothing would induce her to part with this accessory, although it must have proved positively stifling at moments. As there are innumerable classes of Americans visiting us at present, the differing qualities of these fur necklets are vastly amusing. The rat, the cat, anything serves; for to be a good American, something furry must dangle about the throat.

Detachable Lingerie Fitments

JUDGING by the plethora of fresh choice to be found in the shops of the dainty net, lace, organdi and lawn frillings and *berthes*, there seems every chance of this fancy for freshening up and enlivening our gowns being continued through the coming months. The reproduction work is wonderful. There are filmy embroidered lawns of that delicate vellum tint we once believed only age could produce, and lace so faithfully copied by machine from old cushion pieces as to be scarcely distinguishable from the original.

Given a simple smart frock of, say, dark blue repp, fashioned after the style shown in our picture, and a relay of lingerie fitments, quite a number of varying social vicissitudes may be safely faced. On the frock itself there is displayed a crisp white organdi *berthe*, narrowly frilled round the edge. And for a change or when that is soiled or wearied of, what nicer than that quaint little Blue-coat school boy's cravat of ivory *plissé* georgette and Malines lace. Or the other *berthe* of finest batiste pin-tucked in groups, edged two rows of *bébé* Valenciennes lace, surmounted by embroidery, the whole in a parchment shade to look antique.

THE RIGHT NOTE

Three charming examples of lawn frills and berthes which add such a distinctive note of chic to the simple frock

The Tunic and Over-Dress in Every Form

THERE is practically no end to the ambitions of the tunic and overdress. It is a style that promises to be universal, and will be offered in every conceivable guise, sometimes merely as an apron, plain or pleated, at others, cut in one with the upper part and comparatively short like a Russian blouse, and yet, again, after the manner depicted in the adjoined sketch. In this you have a representative example of the coming afternoon frock, a creation of Indian red marocain with apron front of grey georgette, embroidered in Eastern colourings and bordered with brown fur. The corsage takes an interesting and novel line, and is finished by a flat *berthe* of the georgette, likewise embroidered, as are the quaint hanging cuffs to the long, close-fitting sleeves, for with the winter we shall discard the bare arm vogue in day dresses, and on sleeves there is promise of much interesting matter to write about. Every age and period is, apparently, being exploited for ideas, although the general inclination at present appears to be to keep the shoulders and upper arm plain and flat, and then get busy with cuffs, *bouffants* hanging draperies and elaborate decorations below the elbow.

AN EARLY AUTUMN FROCK

With a modified apron front of grey georgette. It is fashioned of Indian red marocain embroidered in Eastern colourings and bordered with brown fur

Original design by "Beta"

Autumn Hints

THE shops, largely, one imagines, for the benefit of trans-Atlantic visitors, are already decked out in autumnal array, and a very gay and brave array it is. So far there is little evidence of the much-talked-of revival of navy blue. But it was always a quiet, unassuming *nuance*, so probably

it is there all right, and easily obtainable on request; but it is decidedly overshadowed by the browns, greens and neutral tones that still appear to have every intention of holding the colour situation.

Materials and Colour

SOMEHOW, one does not want navy blue in that jolly wool jacquard, a material that is going to prove an irresistible attraction for the smart wrap-coat and short coatee with plain skirt, though, curiously enough, it appeals enormously in black, and wool jacquard is really a sort of patterned velours, the design either pressed in or raised in relief in the one colour. A long black wrap-coat fashioned of it would look the epitome of *chic* trimmed with rat chinchilla, the back slightly pouching at a longish waist-line and the fronts crossing over to fasten with a single large button, ornament or narrow sash ends at the left-hand side.

Suede velour is also a most pleasing fabric, and there is sufficient duvetyn being shown to warrant attention, together with a host of those clever, loose astrakhan weaves, including an Alaska fleece, the softest looped thing ever achieved. But whether these last will be employed in the form of whole wraps or merely as trimming remains to be seen.

Poplins, in a heavy make, will be seen as coats and skirts, and fulgurante satin has stepped into the arena of afternoon gowns. The latter is a complete change from the dull *mat* marocains and crepe de Chines, and has for long been doing yeoman service in the cause of delicately coloured evening toilettes, where, however, it will be asked to share favours with *moire mousmé*, a silk that is already hard to come by in the best superfine qualities, which is a fact that speaks for itself.

Photograph *S. J. Loeb*

AN AUSTRALIAN SINGER

Miss Florence Austral, the young Australian vocalist, who recently scored so marked a success with the British National Opera Company. She is taking part in the Worcester Three Choirs Festival during the first week in September

For the Toilette

WITHOUT drawing any invidious comparisons, there is no doubt at all but that the Melba toilet preparations are of guaranteed worth. For one thing they have a big, tested reputation at their back, and that is no light possession to hold and live up to. Their chief aim is to preserve and beautify the skin, so that it may retain all the essentials that go to make for a youthful and fresh appearance, towards which end there is supplied a skin cleanser cream that is used at night, aided by a little gentle massage. Then there is the Melba face powder, so fine and pure that it can only be likened to pollen, and which gives the face the soft down of youth, and a greaseless cream for toning up and invigorating. The last is applied lightly with the finger tips without massage, and is strongly recommended as a basis for the powder. A faint, but at the same time distinctive, perfume, characterises all the preparations, and they can always be quickly recognised by the dainty pale mauve receptacles in which they are put up.

For men there is an unrivalled Melba shaving soap, possessed of quick lathering qualities and particularly refreshing to use, while for tender skins especially, but delightful at all times, is a subsequent application of a splendid toning powder that at once allays any redness or irritation, and

(*Continued on page x*)

Look at that Girl!

Why doesn't she wait until this shower passes?

There is no reason why she should. She is wearing "Thill Rubber Soles" which keep the feet dry and cool and are the LAST WORD in light rubber Footwear.

NO NAILS OR SCREWS. Wood-Milne Rubber Solution fixes Thills with perfect neatness and security.

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with Ajax Non-slipping heels or the correct Louis or Cuban heels to conform with the style of footwear.

Of all West-End and other Bootmen.

Yardley's Freesia Face Powder

An extra fine quality Powder, luxuriously scented with the fascinating Freesia Perfume.

Price 3/3 per box.

Of all Chemists, Perfumers and Stores, or from

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Has it ever occurred to the great army of holiday makers who use the road that an Advance Party has prepared the way for them? In the van is the "BP" Distributing Organisation which enables you to obtain everywhere the famous khaki can. If you prefer the more up-to-date and expeditious method, you are sure to find a Bowser Pump near at hand ready to give you the same "Best Possible" Motor Spirit that you find in the khaki can.

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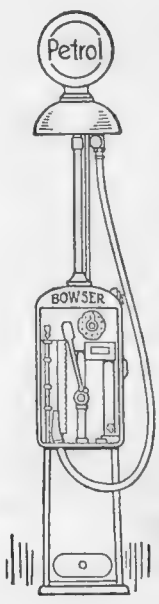

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Distributing Organization of the
ANGLO-PERSIAN OIL CO. LTD.

FASHION'S FANCIES (*concluded*)

the prices throughout are most reasonable. The British consignees of the Melba preparations, which hail from America, are Messrs Connell and Co., but all high-class stores and chemists stock these goods.

Round the World

The pendulum of speedy travel has swung to the other extreme since those far-off days when Jules Verne stirred all imagination with his tale of a breathless sprint round the world in eighty days. So, just because we *can* encircle the globe in very much less time, the vogue is all for leisured travel. Seven or eight months seems to be the correct period. Thus Mr. Edward Gray, F.R.G.S., who has just published an attractive account of his last world tour, is starting a fourth one in October, which will return about May next year. Those who are interested can easily get into touch with Mr. Gray by writing to Australia House, Strand

Of Interest to Golfers

An interesting item of news reaches us from Engelberg, the popular central Switzerland resort. It is, that a new golf course has just been opened which will be yet another attraction to the curling, ice-hockey, ski-ing, and tobogganing for which this holiday resort is justly famous.

The Old Order Changeth

The preface to *Casseils New Atlas* (Revised Edition. Cloth, 21*s.*; half-leather, 31*s.* 6*d.*) opens with a bright note that is good to have in these dark days. "The Old Order, which culminated in the tragedy of the Great War, definitely passed away in 1919. A new Order, based on a rule of Right and Justice, has come, and though but few years have passed, already it quickens the imagination to hopes of better international conditions." Mm-yes! There is, however, no gainsaying the value of this Atlas, which is as reliable and stable as it is possible to make anything in an unstable world. The Atlas exhibits the regrouping of peoples under the League of Nations and shows the Great Powers and their Mandatory States, whilst educationally the value of the Atlas is considerably enhanced by maps illustrating the historical evolution of India, Africa, and other parts of the Empire, with some excellent charts showing the commercial development of different parts of the world—such, for instance, as the industrial regions of South America. There is also a useful summary of the Peace Treaties (were there Peace Treaties once?), which are useful from a geographical point of view.

SPOILS OF THE RACE

The group of trophies seen above are the awards gained by one Gwynne "Eight" during three days of competitions in Wales

A Handy Booklet

Owners and prospective owners of motor-cycles will find a fund of useful information in a compact little brochure, *he Motor-Cycle Owner*, issued by the British Cycle and Motor-Cycle Manufacturers' and Traders' Union, Ltd. Thus it contains some very useful figures on the cost of running a motor-cycle—and in the cost one must of course, reckon time as well as money. Any of our readers who are interested in the subject can obtain a copy of the booklet post free from the Secretary, B.C. & M.C.M. & T.U., Ltd., The Towers, Coventry.

A New Indian Weekly

We take this opportunity to extend a hearty handshake in welcome to *Sport*, India's new sporting weekly—its *only* sporting weekly, except, of course, THE BYSTANDER, which India has long since taken as its own. *Sport* appears to have no fancies (if we except those on the Poona Racecourse!), for football, cricket, boxing, polo, racing, golf, and the Girl Guides are treated with strict impartiality and in a breezy style. Salaams, Sahib!

A Furnishing Vade Mecum

Under this heading last week, by a printer's error, the name of Messrs. Williamson and Cole, the well-known furnishers of High Street, Clapham, was inadvertently referred to as Messrs. Williamson and Co.

Assets

The children are the Empire's greatest assets. In 57 years Barnardo's have rescued from the ruin of body or soul or both over 95,000 orphan and destitute little people and have trained them to become healthy, upright, honourable and God-fearing citizens.

The Barnardo family always numbers over 7,300 boys and girls—the largest in the world.

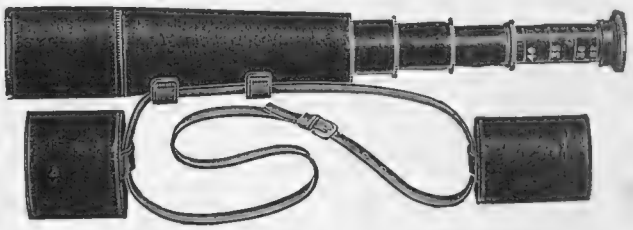
10/- will support a child for a week.

Will you support one or more children for a week?

Cheques payable "Dr. Barnardo's Homes Food Fund" and crossed, and addressed to the Hon. Treasurer, Howard Williams Esq., (Dept.B.) 18 Stepney Causeway, E.1

Dr BARNARDO'S HOMES

SURPLUS WAR STORES.



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GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICE.

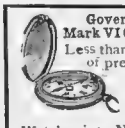
A Portable Telescope with Pancratic Eyepiece giving magnifying powers of **25, 30, 35** and **40** diameters by adjustment of first tube. It has a 2¼ in. Object Glass, Leather-covered Body, Caps and Sling. Closes to 11 in. PRICE **£6 10 0.** Postage and insurance free.

These Telescopes are made throughout in our own factory in London from parts left over from our War contracts for the Ministry of Munitions.

We are selling at this remarkable price to clear up stock.

The cheapest telescope of its class in the world.

Send for Illustrated Price List No. 9 B Post Free



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Watch size, Nickel case Pocket Compass with luminous radium points and direction line for night reading. 4/6 post free.

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Shetland Tweeds

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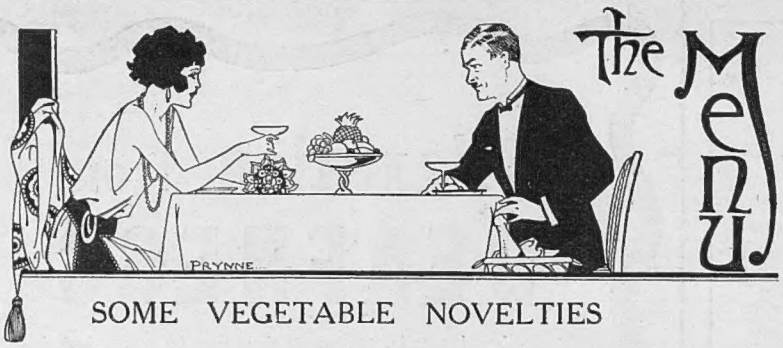

SOME VEGETABLE NOVELTIES

American Yams à la Française
Stuffed Artichokes à la Béchamel
Omelet of French Beans
Vegetable Marrow au Parmesan
Stuffed Aubergines (Egg Fruit)
Escalloped Sweet Corn

American Yams à la Française

Cut the yams (sweet potatoes) into slices about half an inch thick, trim into oval shapes, and put them into a pan full of water; wash and drain them upon a cloth; next put them in a stewpan with 2 ozs. of butter, and season with salt and grated nutmeg. Moisten with a pint of water; put the lid on and let them simmer for three-quarters of an hour, turning them over occasionally, so that they may be equally a bright yellow colour on both sides. Arrange in a circle and pour over them a sauce made as follows: Mix 1 oz. of butter with a dessertspoonful of flour, put it into a stewpan with a gill of cream, a teaspoonful of castor sugar, a little salt and a teaspoonful of lemon-juice. Stir this over the fire till it thickens and pour over the yams.

Stuffed Artichokes à la Béchamel

Make a savoury stuffing with some breadcrumbs, chopped herbs, a mushroom, a pounded anchovy and the yolk of a hard-boiled egg. Make this into a paste by cooking it in a little cream and gravy; fill some artichoke bottoms with it, and put them to simmer in a béchamel sauce; serve with fried sippets. The preserved artichokes (fonds d'artichauts) are very good for this purpose, and require very little cooking. N.B.—Béchamel is a thick white sauce.

Omelet of French Beans

Cut up finely two tablespoonfuls of cooked French beans, stir into them three well-beaten eggs, then add a heaped-up table-spoonful of grated cheese (preferably Parmesan) with salt and pepper to taste. When well mixed, put the whole, with 2 ozs. of melted butter, into the omelet-pan, and fry a pale brown. Time—from three to five minutes.

Vegetable Marrow au Parmesan

Peel, cut in half a vegetable marrow, take out the seeds, and cut it into neat oval-shaped fillets about two and a half inches long and two wide. Put them in a sauté-pan with a piece of butter, and stew till tender. Add pepper and salt, serve on fried croûtons and pour over them cheese sauce.

Stuffed Aubergines (Egg Fruit)

Boil the aubergines until tender (twenty to twenty-five minutes) and then halve them lengthways. Scoop out the pulp carefully, sieve it, and mix it with some fine breadcrumbs, a *very* small minced onion and one or two chopped mushrooms, salt, pepper and some oiled butter. Fill the skins with this mixture, sprinkle with breadcrumbs and oiled butter, and bake in a moderate oven until browned.

Escalloped Sweet Corn

Cut the corn from the cob, put a layer in a buttered earthenware dish, sprinkle with salt and pepper and cover with fine breadcrumbs. Repeat this until the dish is full, having the crumbs on the top; then put small pieces of butter thickly over and fill the dish with milk. Bake in a moderate oven.

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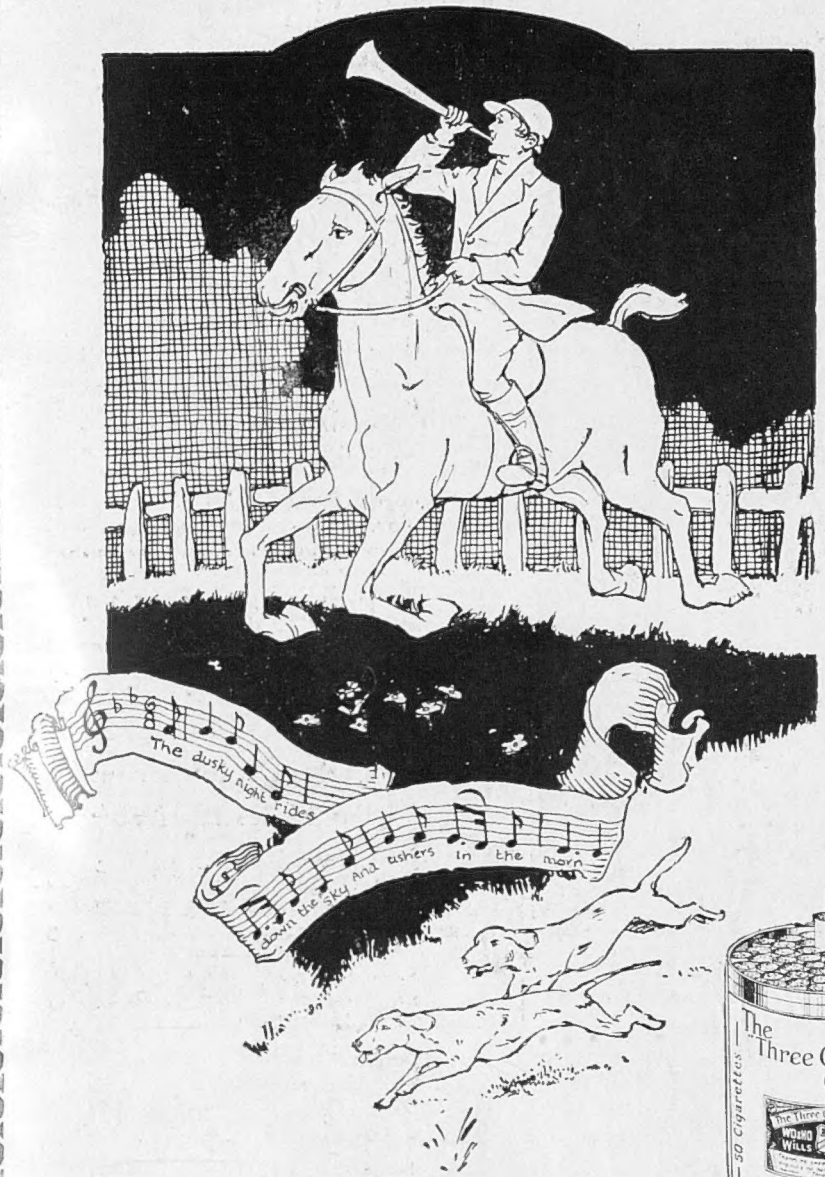
The "THREE CASTLES"



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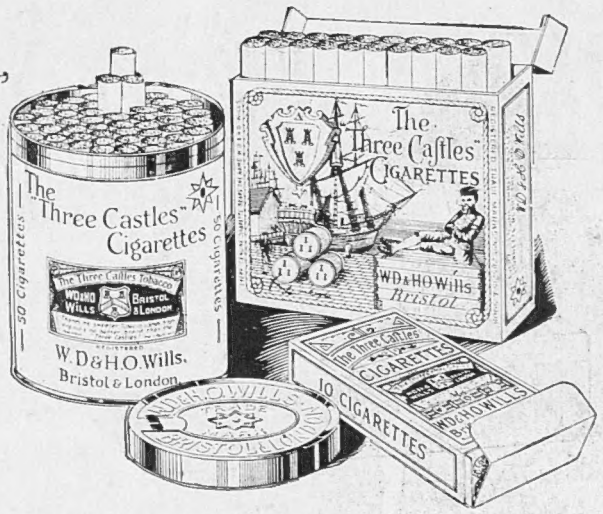
down the sky,
And ushers in the morn;
The hounds all join in
glorious cry,
The hounds all join in
glorious cry;
The huntsman winds his
horn,
The huntsman winds his
horn;
Then a hunting we will go.



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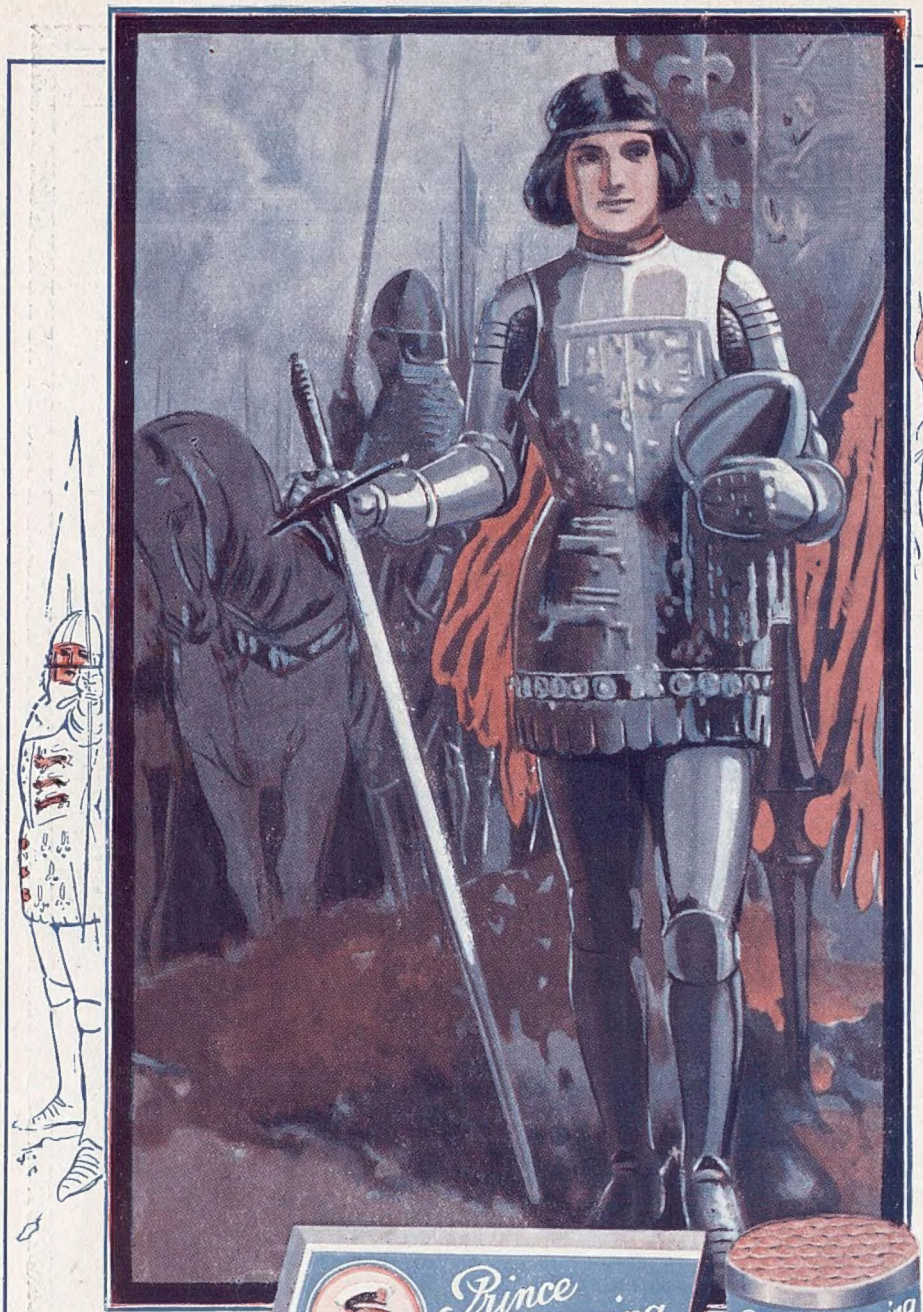

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